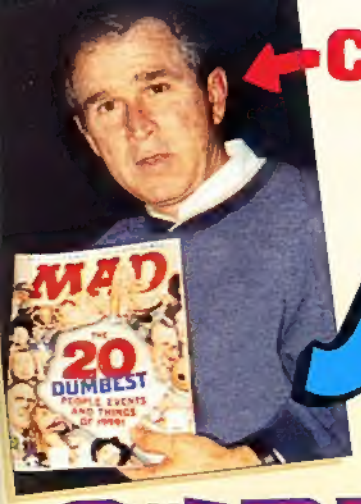

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MAY 2001

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VEY TO GO
BY P.C. VEY

"THAT? THAT'S MY OTHER EYE."

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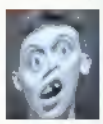
MAY
SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT
1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30 31
1927 Edison Invents the Refrigerator Light Bulb After Futile Midnight Attempt to Find a Salami
1975 Mississippi Supreme Court Rules Nude Showering is Indecent
1996 PETA Claims Disney Cover-up in Mysterious Death of 102nd Dalmation
1988 Don King's Hair Declared National Monument
1997 IBM Supercomputer Deep Blue Loses to Russian Serge Valadivic in Game of Handball



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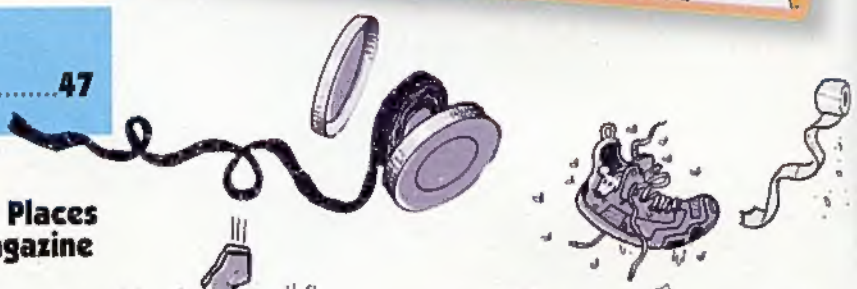

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"A judge is nothing more than a lawyer who's been benched!"

FRONT COVER ARTIST: JAMES BENNETT

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DEPARTMENT OF TOMATOES AND LETTERS

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 405, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

THE ED.'S NIFTY FIFTY™

We've updated and revised our Ed.'s *Nifty Fifty*™ Celebrity Snaps wish list! If we print your photo of any of the following celebrities holding an issue of MAD, you will receive a three-year subscription and a special secret prize! (Photos cannot be returned.) You can still send people from the old list (see MAD #390), but they will not count as a *Nifty Fifty*™. So, here's the updated Ed.'s *Nifty Fifty*™!

The Pope, Kelly Ripa (Regis Philbin's new co-host), Triumph the Insult Comic Dog from Late Night With Conan O'Brien, *Britney Spears, C-Span talking head Brian Lamb (still!), Amazon.com founder Jeff Bezos, Senator Jesse Helms, Harry Potter author J.K. Rowling, Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones, Bill Gates, Dr. Jack Kevorkian, Yasser Arafat, Oprah, John Malkovich, Julia Roberts, Eminem, James Brown, tennis babe Anna Kournikova, Pat Robertson, J.D. Salinger, Ron Popeil, Tim Russert, any Beatle (living), Harrison Ford, Martha Stewart, David Letterman, Monica Lewinsky, Linda Tripp, Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen, Siegfried and/or Roy, Sean Connery, John McLaughlin, Neil Armstrong, Alyssa Milano, any member of The Supreme Court (in their robe), Stephen Sondheim, Michael Jordan, Barbra Streisand, Michael Eisner, Woody Allen or Soon-Yi, Deepak Chopra, Ol' Dirty Bastard, Jerry Lewis, Gary Larson, Robert Downey Jr., Lisa Marie Presley, any Pulitzer Prize winner of the last 10 years, and Ivana Trump!*

THE ANSWER MAD

Here we go with another installment of our much-loved feature in which we answer letters sent to other magazines. This month's steamy little missive is taken from the January 2001 issue of *Cosmopolitan*.

COSMOPOLITAN
Bedside Astrologer 2001
Make Him Your Sensual Soul Mate
SEXY HAIR
"Have You Seen My Stalker? He's Still Out There"
Your Most Fab Year Ever!

Thank you for November's "How To Please A Man With Your Hands"! My boyfriend couldn't get enough. He says his body has never been manipulated so well.

Anonymous

Anon:

So, your man never felt so manipulated, eh? Due to space limitation, the editors at Cosmo had to cut the last half of the article. Here are a few more things you can do with your hands if you *really* want to please your man:

1) Make him a sandwich
2) Wash and simonize his car
3) Organize his pornography collection by genre
4) Pop his backne
5) Choke your damn cat
6) Hand the remote control to him
7) Open a beer for him and his friends, and then shut your big mouth, the game's on!

MICROSOFT WORD UP!

Thanks for making Microsoft stock plummet right down the toilet with your "MAD 20" article "Companies We Can Expect to See After the Microsoft Breakup"(#401). When you showed the plan for breakup and restructuring of Microsoft into nine new companies, the American public got smart and sold off. The stock went from 57 dollars to 47 dollars the day I received my magazine. Thanks, morons! It would have been nice to give your loyal readers a heads up that you were going to let the cat out of the bag so we could sell before MAD hit the newsstands!

Sandy Scott, Via E-mail

Sandman — Sorry for your financial loss. As humor muckrakers, we can't let our comedic integrity be clouded by the concern of money lost by individual investors. On a brighter note, we sold all of our Microsoft stock weeks before the plummet and rolled all of our profits into Pets.com. See ya in the Louis Rukeyser chat room! —Ed.

WWF'D-UP

In your "Celebrity Cause-of-death Betting Odds" in MAD #400 you stated that Vince McMahon would die from contracting V.D. from one of D' Lo Brown's ho escorts. Obviously, you have not been smelling what the Rock is cooking because if you did then you would know that it was the Godfather (now known as the Goodfather) who was the pimp that had the ho escorts. Just thought you should know that for future reference.

Eugene Lumley, Bronx, NY

Turnbuckle Boy — You are absolutely correct in pointing out this obvious mistake. We originally had the Godfather in our response but we were forced to change it due to pressure from the Right to Censor. Now, do you smell what the Ed. is cooking? —Ed.

FAX MAD AT (212) 506-4848!

MAD #406 ON SALE MAY 15!

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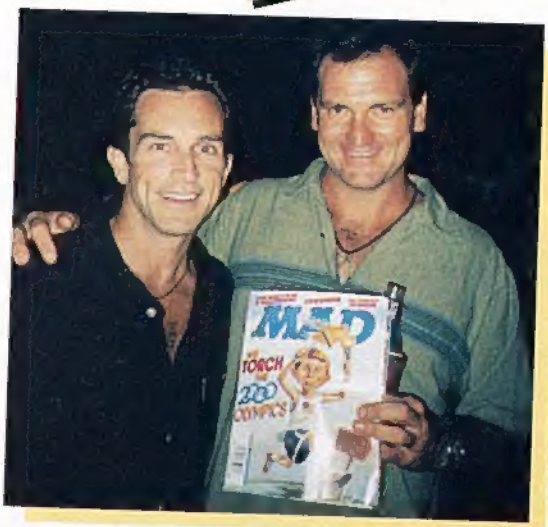
MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

A little while ago I met *Survivor* host Jeff Probst at a party in Los Angeles and I happened to have a copy of MAD with the *Survivor* spoof in my car. My MAD subscription has recently expired, and as a struggling carpenter I could use a free subscription.

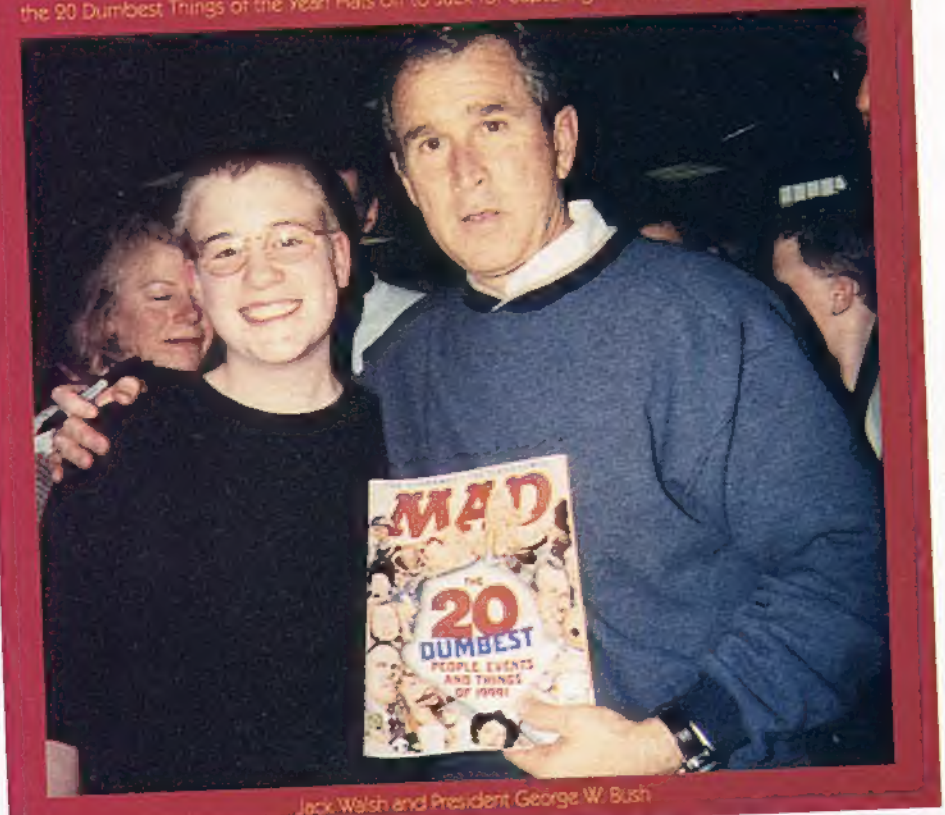
John Kirhoffer, Redondo Beach, CA

Tool Belt Boy — Well, you nailed it! (Ha ha! Get it?) a one-year subscription for your Celebrity Snap of *Survivor* host and current cover subject Jeff Probst. Not to change the subject, but how much would you charge for a nice set of oak shelves? Let us know! —Ed.



Survivor host Jeff Probst and John Kirhoffer

Well, we thought the ultimate Celebrity Snap was of Dan Quayle (former Vice President and spelling bee champ) holding the "Proofreader Wanted" cover back in MAD #372. But nope, nothing can compare with the one we recently received from Jack Walsh of Hudson, NH. Behold our beloved President George W. Bush with his infamous deer caught in the headlights stare, holding up MAD #389, which, coincidentally, features W. and his wormy position on his early partying days as one of the 20 Dumbest Things of the Year! Hats off to Jack for capturing this snap and God help us all!



Jack Walsh and President George W. Bush

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the usual gang of idiots

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This movie features a cast of thousands...of illegal substances! It tells of the fruitless efforts by the United States government to stop the flow of these substances into America. While we are all for

TRAFF-MEXICO

This film involves two countries, three stories and four different color tints! If only I could SEE them! I can't, because the film also has 140 pair of sunglasses! I wear most of them!
The two biggest product placements in this movie are for coke spoons and LensCrafters!
STEENKIN BADGE

I am General Sleazier, a powerful Mexican Army official! I declare war on the Mexican Drug Cartels! I will eradicate the Abbalofia Brothers who run the Tijuana Cartel! I will torture the Chimichanga Cartel from Cabo! I will slice the manhood from the Burrito Brothers of Nogales! And while I'm at it, I will destroy the Tattaglia family, I will choke Frankie Pentangeli and I will shoot Moe Greene in the eye! Oy, Caramba, am I one confused mother!

There are over three hundred ways to smuggle drugs into the United States! There's one of the very best!
What are they doing?
They're hiding cocaine in barrels disguised as Mexican drinking water! No customs agent will ever go near that stuff!
WARNING BIOHAZARD
JOSE'S WATER

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

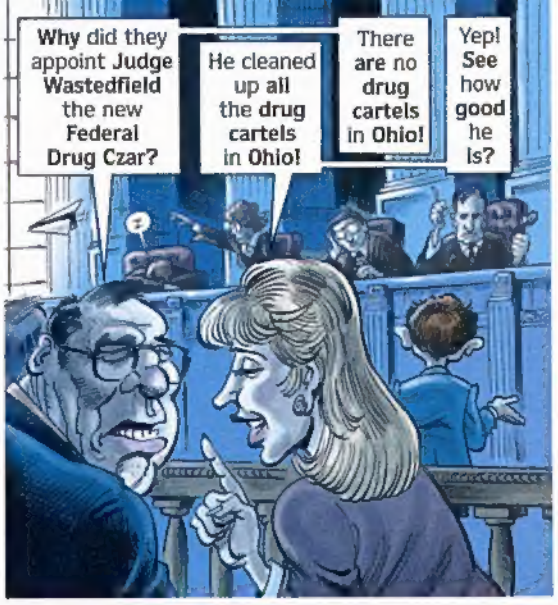
controlling illegal substances, we do wish we had some pharmaceuticals to help keep us awake during this two-hour plus snorefest! You'll probably wish you had something too as you read *our* snorefest...

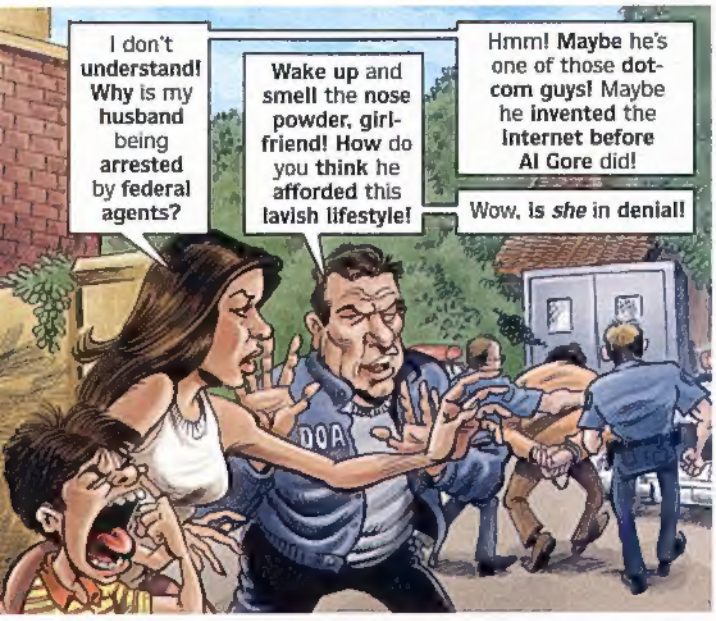
ECCCH!

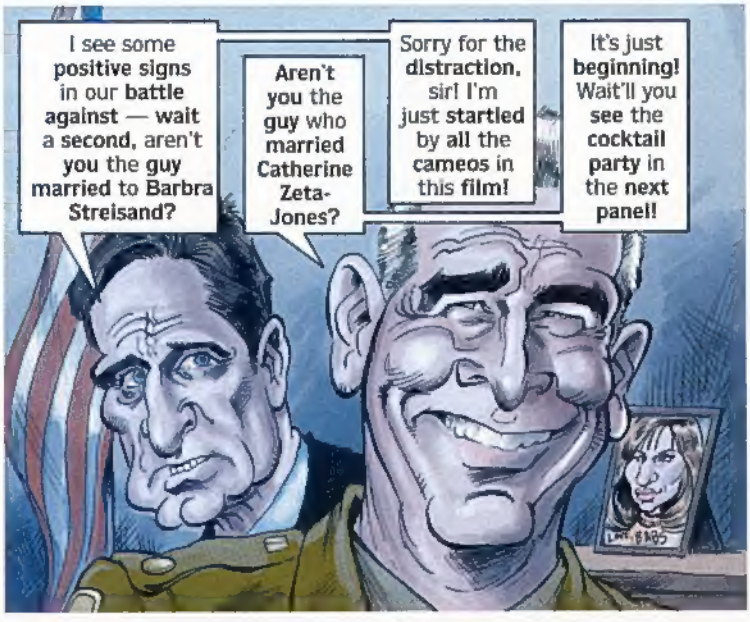
Congratulations on becoming the new United States Drug Czar!
I'm optimistic, sir. I believe we can win the war on drugs!
Excellent!
I also believe the rain forest will flourish, the Cubs will win a World Series and middle class America will worship the iguana!
I'm Riddaline Wastedfield, an A+ honor student and a national merit finalist! I keep my nose to the grindstone – when my nose isn't preoccupied with other things! Which it usually is!
Wow, can you believe this? Check it out! Upper class white kids doing coke!
This is a war that can't be won!
The war on drugs?
The war on movie clichés!
SILVER SPOON HIGH
We all experimented! I remember this movie where this guy Gordon Gekko kept shouting, "Weed Is Good!"
That was "Greed Is Good," dammit!
Sorry. I must have been stoned when I saw that film!
I'm Serene Latoya! I'm a pampered San Diego trophy wife! I have no idea what my husband does for a living but given the fact that we live in a posh eight million dollar home I believe we can safely rule out that he's the San Diego chicken!
In this film we're here to do one thing! We have trained all our lives for this!
You mean bust the mid-level informer and get evidence on the big drug kingpin?
I mean to become the Danny Glover & Mel Gibson of this movie!
Welcome to our little world!
What world is that?
The "slime-ball lawyer" section of the page!
ΔΤΧ

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Que tiene usted aqui?
Pudin de Carameloh!
Sabemos lo que esta pasando! Esto tiene que parar! Lo que esta pasando es devastador! Especialmente para la juventud de America! Es perturbador! Destruye sud cerebros!
Trafico de drogas?
Subtitulos!
What have you got in there?
It's butterscotch pudding!
We know what's going down! This must cease! What's happening here is devastating! Especially for the Youth of America! It's unsettling! It messes up their brain!
Drug smuggling...?
Subtitles!


Why did they appoint Judge Wastedfield the new Federal Drug Czar?
He cleaned up all the drug cartels in Ohio!
There are no drug cartels in Ohio!
Yep! See how good he is?

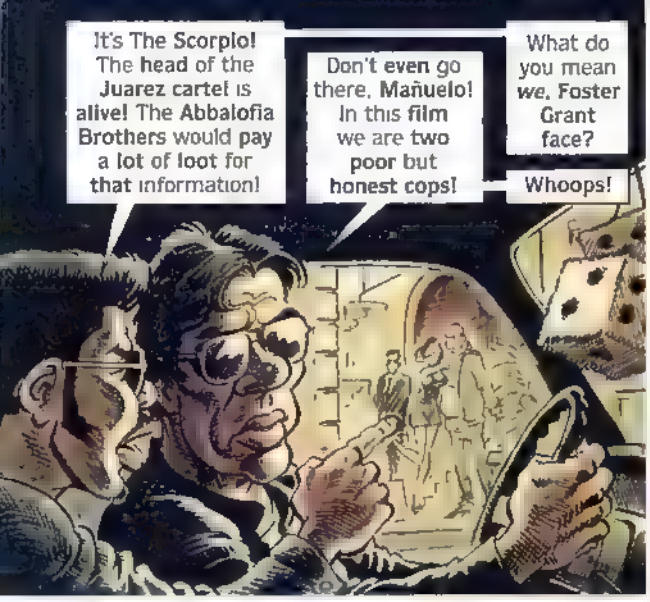

I don't understand! Why is my husband being arrested by federal agents?
Wake up and smell the nose powder, girlfriend! How do you think he afforded this lavish lifestyle!
Hmm! Maybe he's one of those dotcom guys! Maybe he invented the Internet before Al Gore did!
Wow. Is she in denial!


I see some positive signs in our battle against — wait a second, aren't you the guy married to Barbra Streisand?
Aren't you the guy who married Catherine Zeta-Jones?
Sorry for the distraction, sir! I'm just startled by all the cameos in this film!
It's just beginning! Wait'll you see the cocktail party in the next panel!

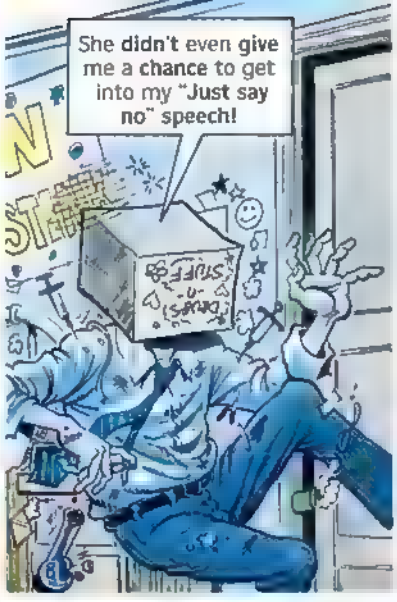
What are Senators Barbara Boxer and Orrin Hatch doing in this movie?
They wanted exposure and felt that a cameo in Dude, Where's My Car? would have been a poor choice!
HATCH IN 2004

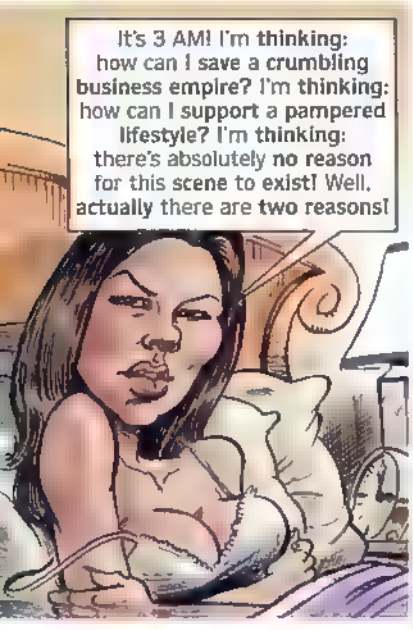
Life is good! I'm the nation's new Drug Czar, I'm scheduled for face time with the President and I'm blessed with a loving wife and an innocent teenage daughter!
Pass the fu@!%&in' potatoes, pops!
Whoops! There's a possible glitch!

It's all social bull#$%#, man! It's our parents!
Fu@&^%'n exactly! Our parents are hypocrites, man! They drink three scotches to "take the edge off" and then bitch when we snort a couple of lines! Parents don't know @#%& about anything!
Don't look now, but Josh just OD'd and is having a massive seizure!
Quick! Call a parent! Somebody call a parent or this dude's dead!
I have a right to know if my husband is a legitimate businessman!
Of course he is! I know when people are criminals!
How do you know?
Well, I represent most of them!
Hey folks, let's not forget our little story! We have the two toughest assignments in the film! One is to keep this guy alive until he can testify!
Hey, I'm just a little guy! A low-level patsy! You want the big boys! And don't start Mexico bashing! Blame your own government! And blame @#$% NAFTA! Do you realize ever since that NAFTA agreement in 1995...
Our second job is to keep ourselves AWAKE until he can testify!
CROOK
GOOD COP
BAD COP
I have decided to see the frontlines for myself — the U.S.-Mexico border!
This is the port of San Seedgro at the Tijuana border! On average, we seize 10,000 tons of cocaine, 900 illegal immigrants and 280 prostitutes!
Wow! All in one day?
Usually in one car!
EVERYBODY ACT NORMAL!
Smugglers are hiding narcotics in every conceivable bodily crevice!
Interesting!
Incidentally, I wouldn't show your face around here! It could be dangerous!
Why? Because I'm the new Drug Czar?
Because they could stash at least 200 kilos of coke in your chin cleft!
Big deal! My dad's could hold 300 Kilos!
It's at this point in the film we bring out these canines!
Drug sniffing dogs?
No! Plot sniffing dogs! So far they've found nothing!
Welcome to the El Paso Intelligence Center! We have databases of every known drug cartel, drug lord and drug user in the whole Western Hemisphere!
What's this huge section over here?
That's the Robert Downey Jr. room!


It's The Scorpio! The head of the Juarez cartel is alive! The Abbalofia Brothers would pay a lot of loot for that information!
Don't even go there, Mañuelo! In this film we are two poor but honest cops!
What do you mean we, Foster Grant face?
Whoops!

A syringe, packets of powder, an Eminem CD! That's it! Young lady, you're grounded!
Ha! Screw you, Mr. Drug Czar!
MAXI PORN
DRUGS 'n STUFF

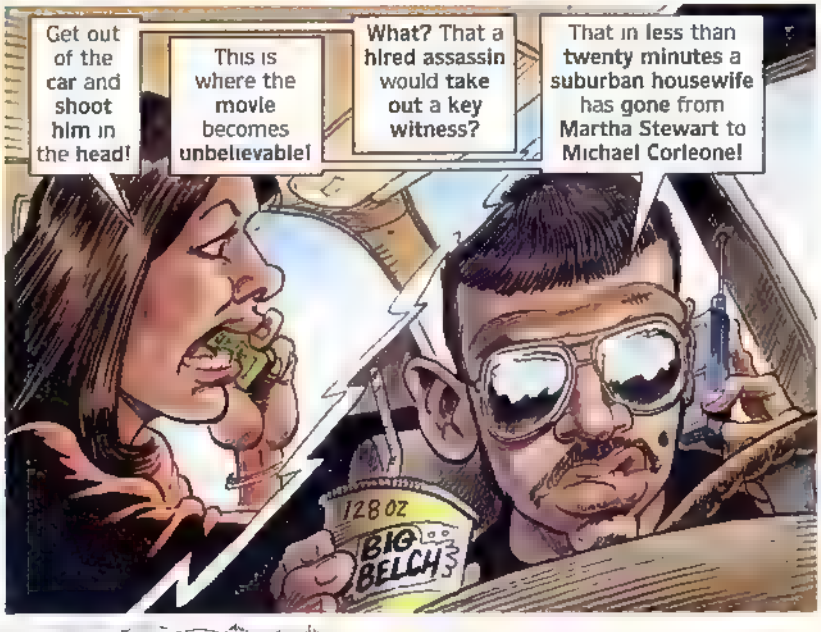

She didn't even give me a chance to get into my "Just say no" speech!

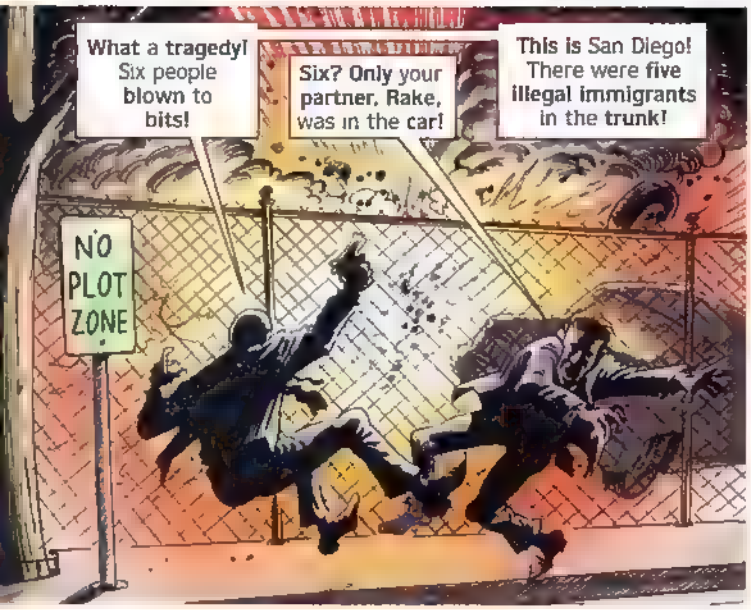

It's 3 AM! I'm thinking: how can I save a crumbling business empire? I'm thinking: how can I support a pampered lifestyle? I'm thinking: there's absolutely no reason for this scene to exist! Well, actually there are two reasons!

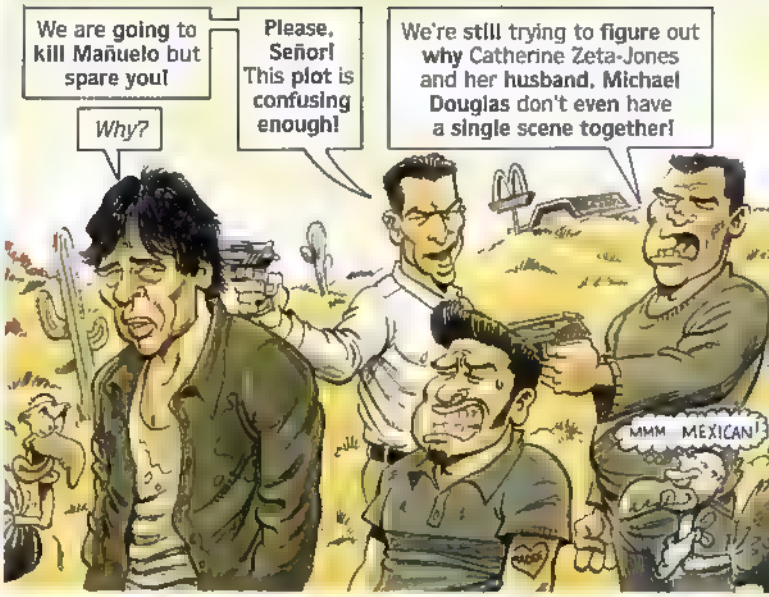
My name is Riddaline and I'm angry about a lot of stuff! I'm angry at my parents! I'm angry that I can get drugs easier than booze! I'm angry that I can't colonize Mars! I'm angry that sardines can't slow dance!
On the way over here she obviously scored some amazing stuff!
MEETING TONIGHT

We've conducted a vast search and come up with a new Mexican Drug Czar ...General Sleazier!
PABLO'S PIZZA
Real smart choice! He's chosen the Maniac of Mexico! The man is one taco short of a Chalupa!
Appointing Sleazier to head the drug program is like making Dr. Laura the Gay Rights Czar!

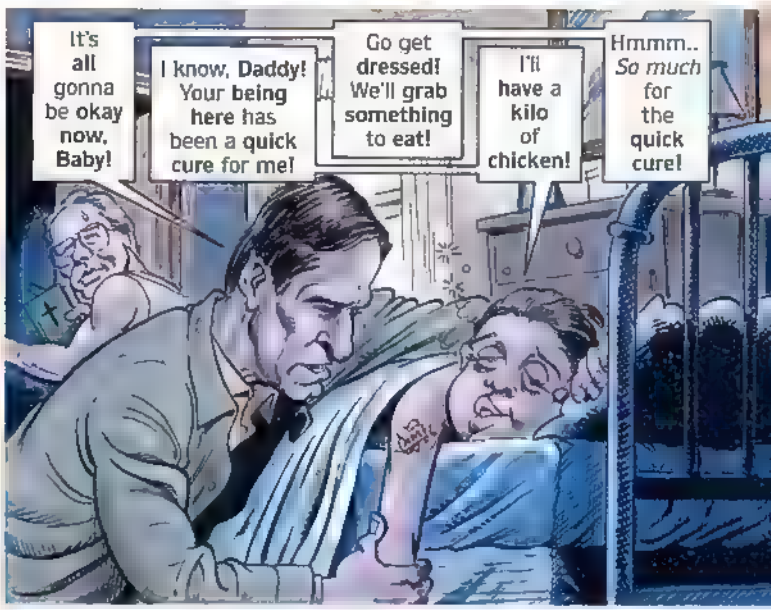
Tell me General, do you have any thoughts on the treatment of addicts?
Yes! If they shoot up, chop off their arm! It's my Lorena Bobbitt plan!
At least he *has* a plan! My dumb staff had nothing!


Get out of the car and shoot him in the head!
This is where the movie becomes unbelievable!
What? That a hired assassin would take out a key witness?
That in less than twenty minutes a suburban housewife has gone from Martha Stewart to Michael Corleone!
128 OZ
BIG BELCH

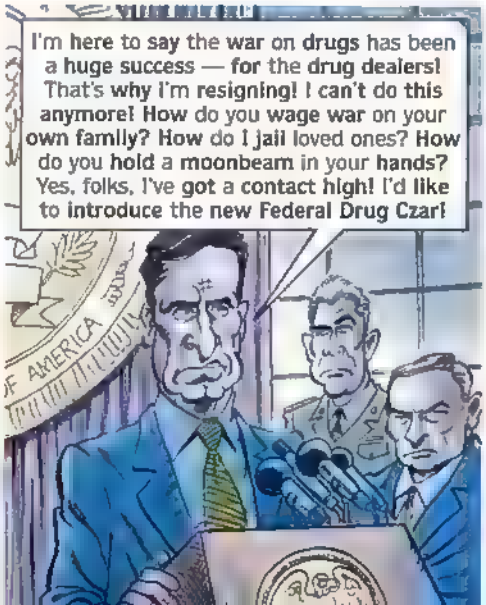

What a tragedy! Six people blown to bits!
Six? Only your partner, Rake, was in the car!
This is San Diego! There were five illegal immigrants in the trunk!
NO PLOT ZONE

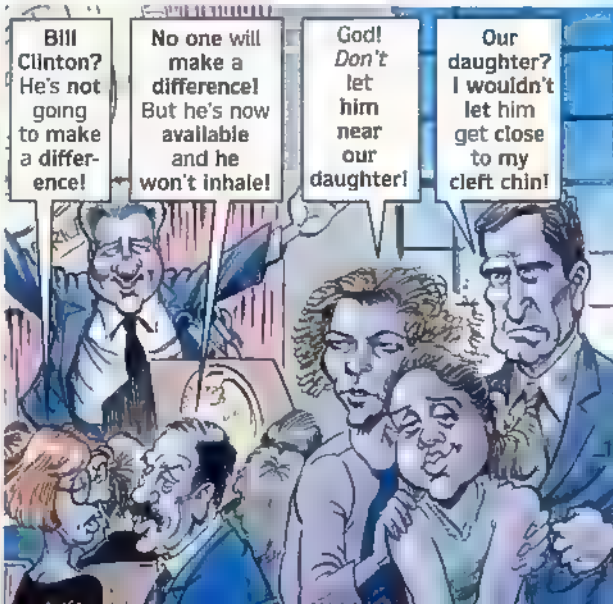

We are going to kill Mañuelo but spare you!
Why?
Please, Señor! This plot is confusing enough!
We're still trying to figure out why Catherine Zeta-Jones and her husband, Michael Douglas don't even have a single scene together!
MMM MEXICAN!

I'm looking for my daughter! I'll pay anything!
I don't want money, man!
What do you want?
Let me smuggle drugs in the cleft of your chin!
Now c'mon, cut that out!


It's all gonna be okay now, Baby!
I know, Daddy! Your being here has been a quick cure for me!
Go get dressed! We'll grab something to eat!
I'll have a kilo of chicken!
Hmmm.. So much for the quick cure!

Somebody got to Edweirdo, our key witness! Is he dead?
Let me put it this way! We're in San Diego but his face is turning the blue tint of the Ohio Scenes!

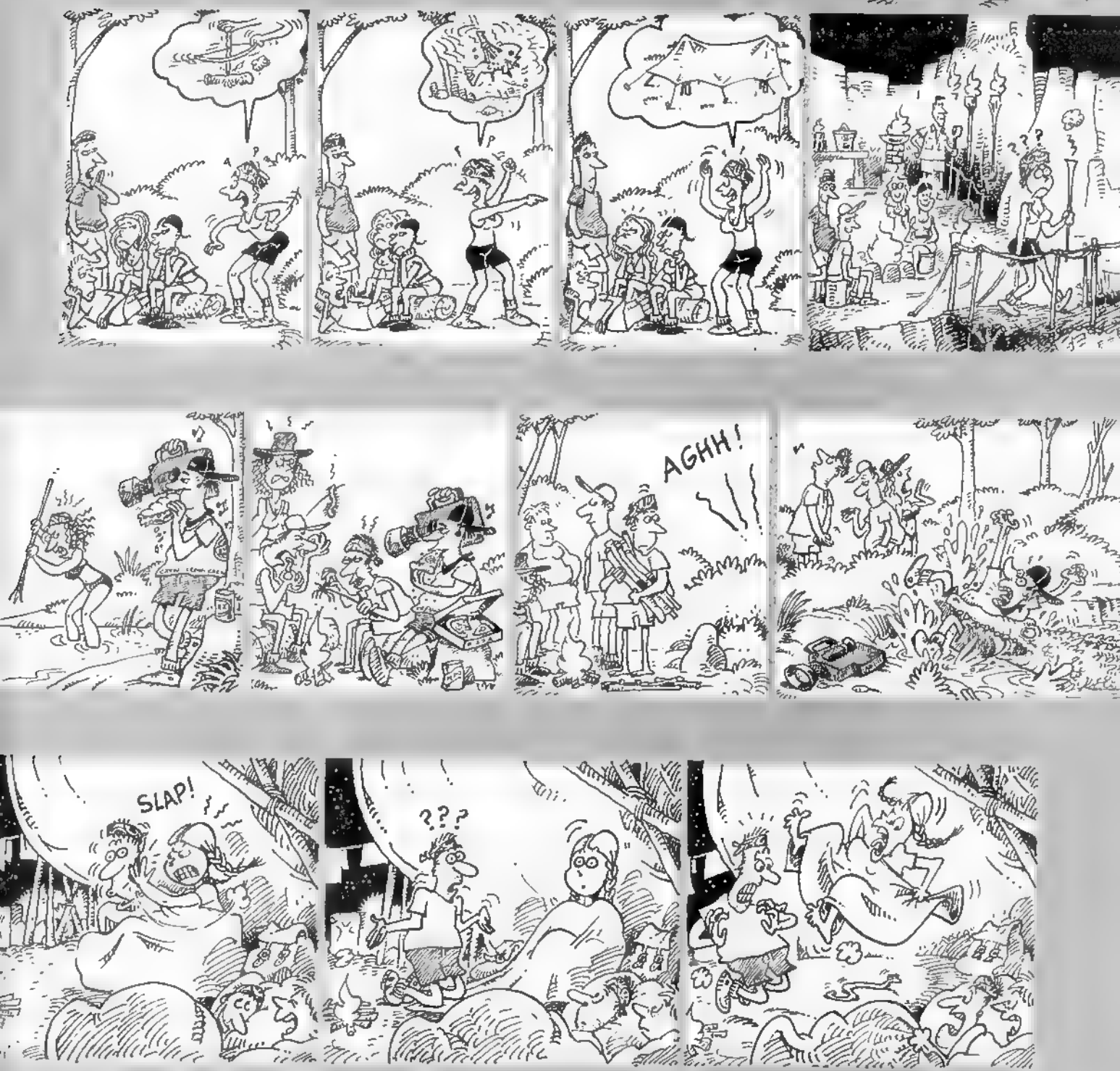

I'm here to say the war on drugs has been a huge success — for the drug dealers! That's why I'm resigning! I can't do this anymore! How do you wage war on your own family? How do I jail loved ones? How do you hold a moonbeam in your hands? Yes, folks, I've got a contact high! I'd like to introduce the new Federal Drug Czar!

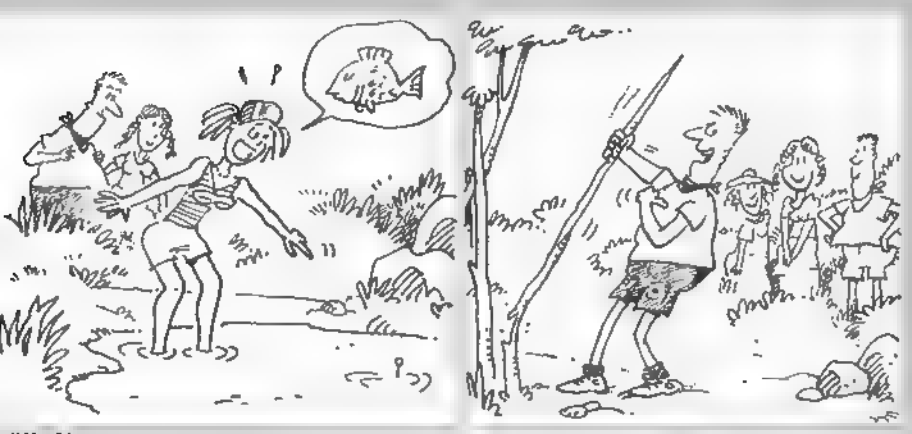

Bill Clinton? He's not going to make a difference!
No one will make a difference! But he's now available and he won't inhale!
God! Don't let him near our daughter!
Our daughter? I wouldn't let him get close to my cleft chin!

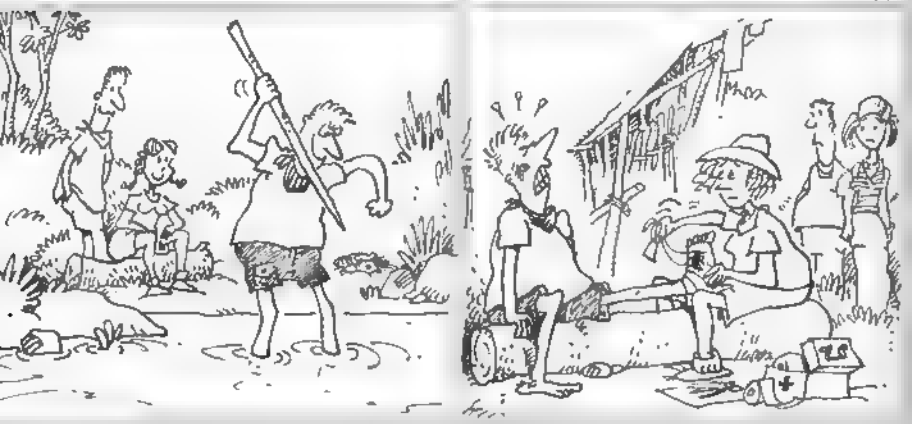
A MAD LOOK AT

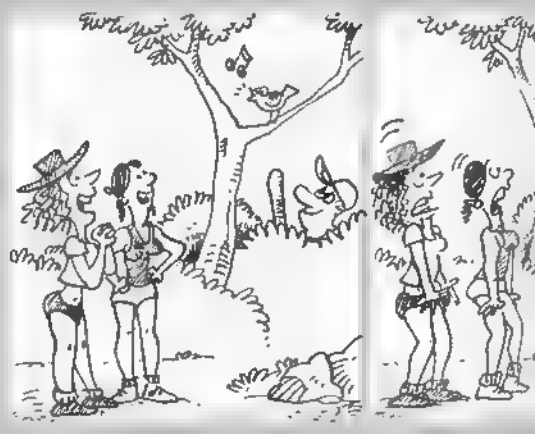
SURVIVOR II

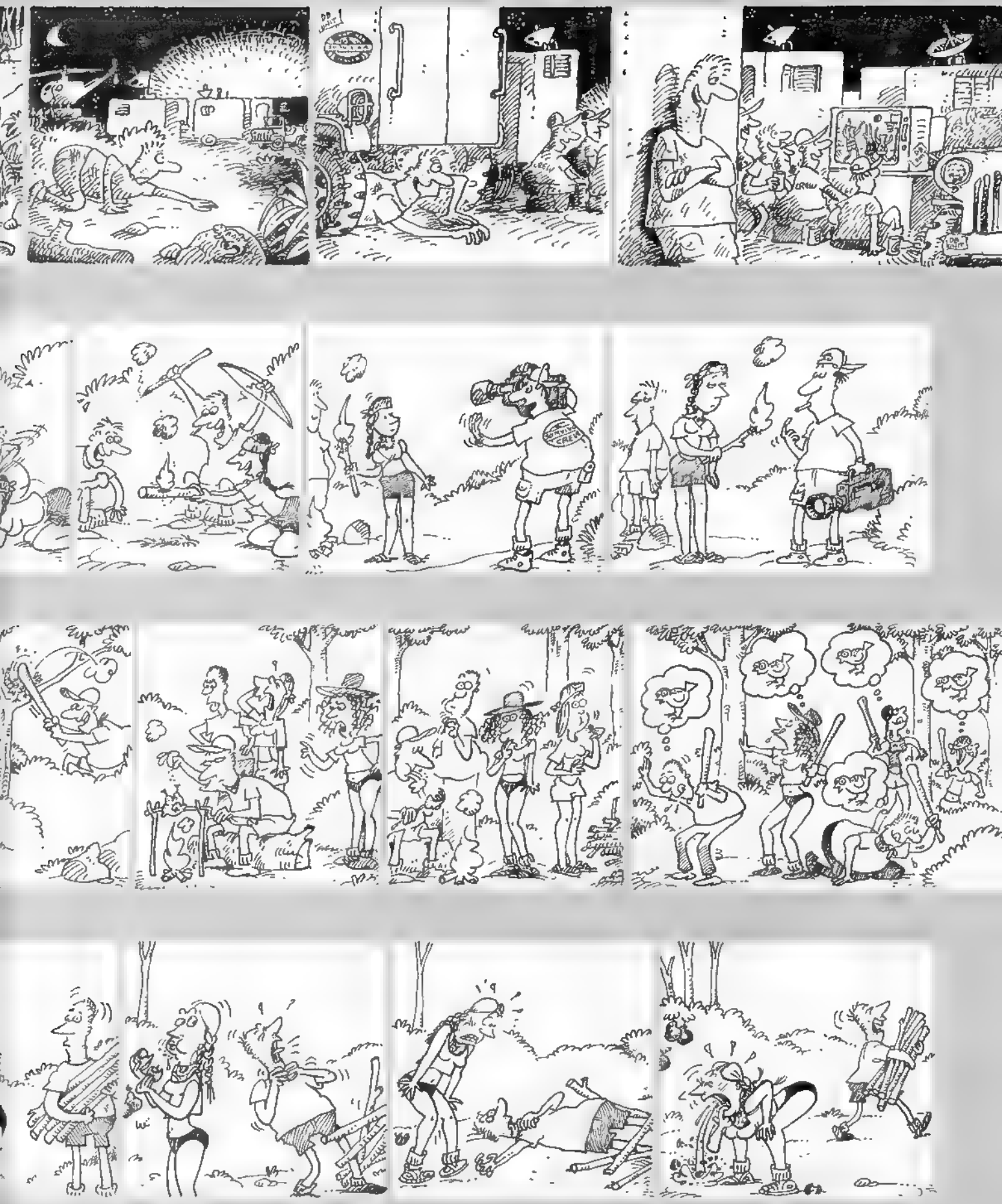
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

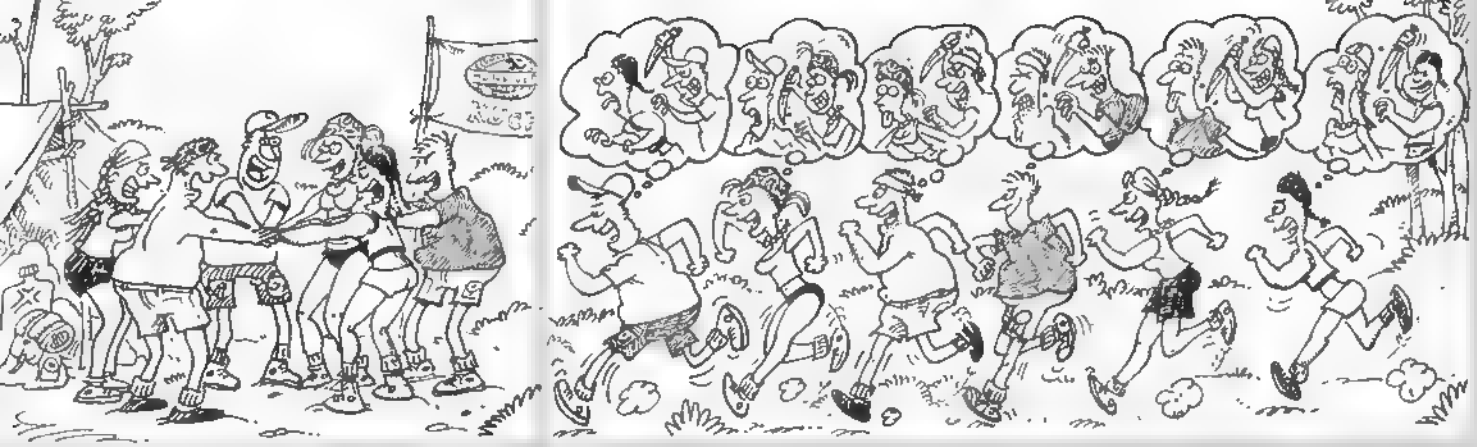


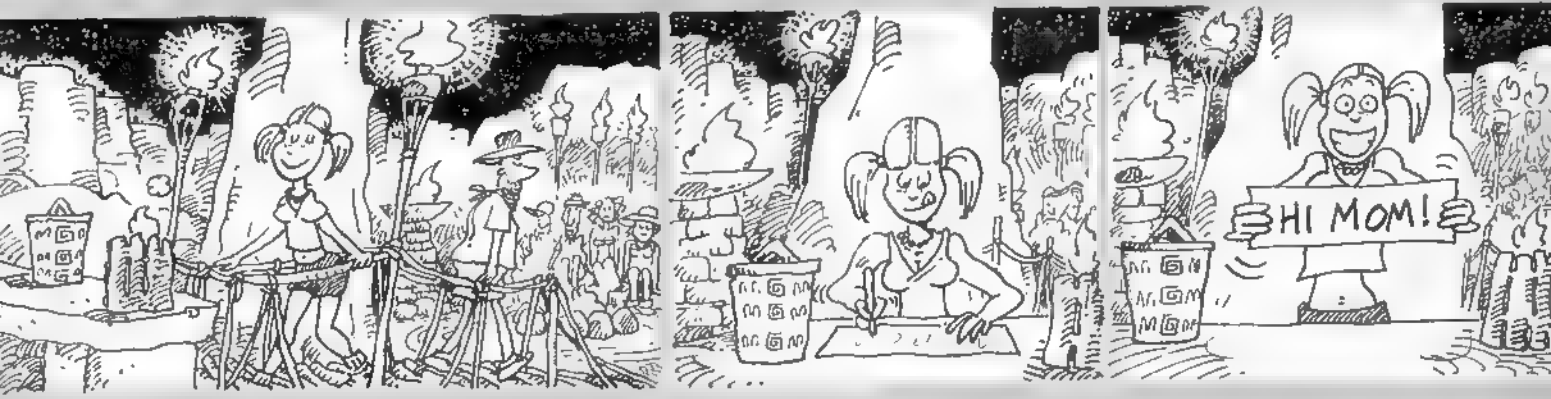


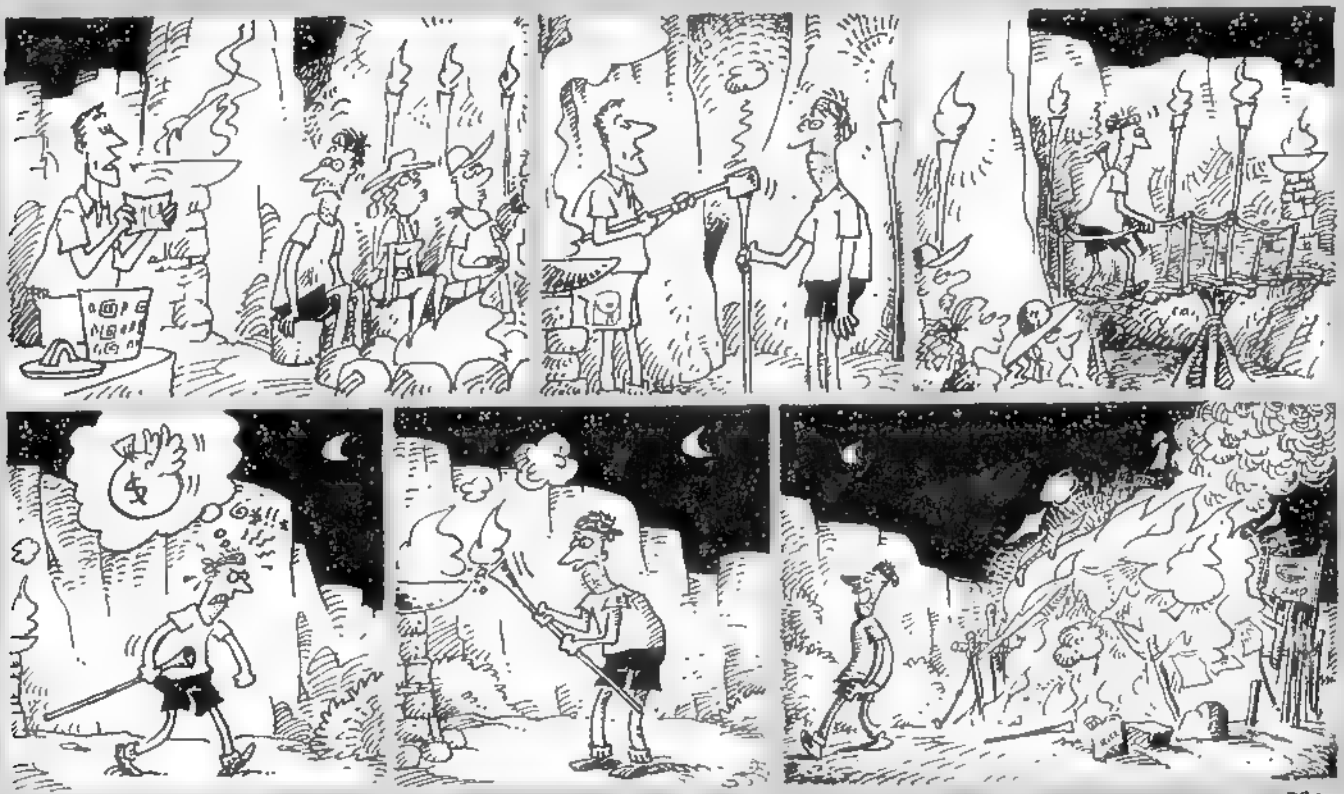









HI MOM!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They're Cuddly!

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HAS YOUR FOOD BEEN GENETICALLY ALTERED?

Genetically-altered food has become the scientific community's hottest controversy. On one side, there's the blood-sucking, capitalist, multinational agricultural companies who say there's nothing wrong with a little gene-splicing here and there to make your tomatoes as red as the fire engine that came barreling down our street that cold October morning and ran over our dog. WHY, OH WHY, BUTCH?! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE!?!? (But we digress....) On the other side, there's the know-it-all, do-gooder, Ralph Nader types who think that muckin' with our food supply might not be such a good idea. And in the middle there's you: worried that the Pop Tart you eat this morning will have you dead by noon. Are you consuming food homegrown in Dr. Frankenstein's lab? Use this handy guide to answer the all-important question...

Have you ever spent more than 30 minutes trying to peel a potato with rapid self-healing skin?

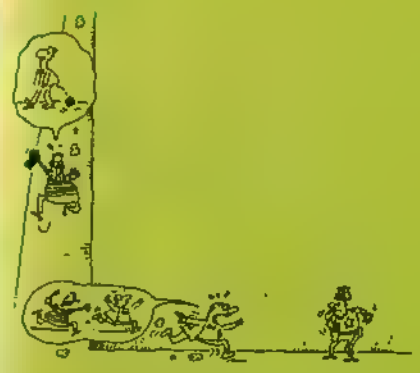
Did you ever drop a jalapeño pepper in your kitchen that then burned through five floors of your apartment building?

ARTIST AND WRITER: TOM CHENEY

Does the fuzz on your peach ever spread to other things in your kitchen?

Are you finding that half a lemon goes a lot farther than five lemons used to?

Do you find yourself trying to avoid buying any eggplant that has a heartbeat?



Have you ever sliced a watermelon in half and found a backbone?

Have you ever had to pop corn one kernel at a time?

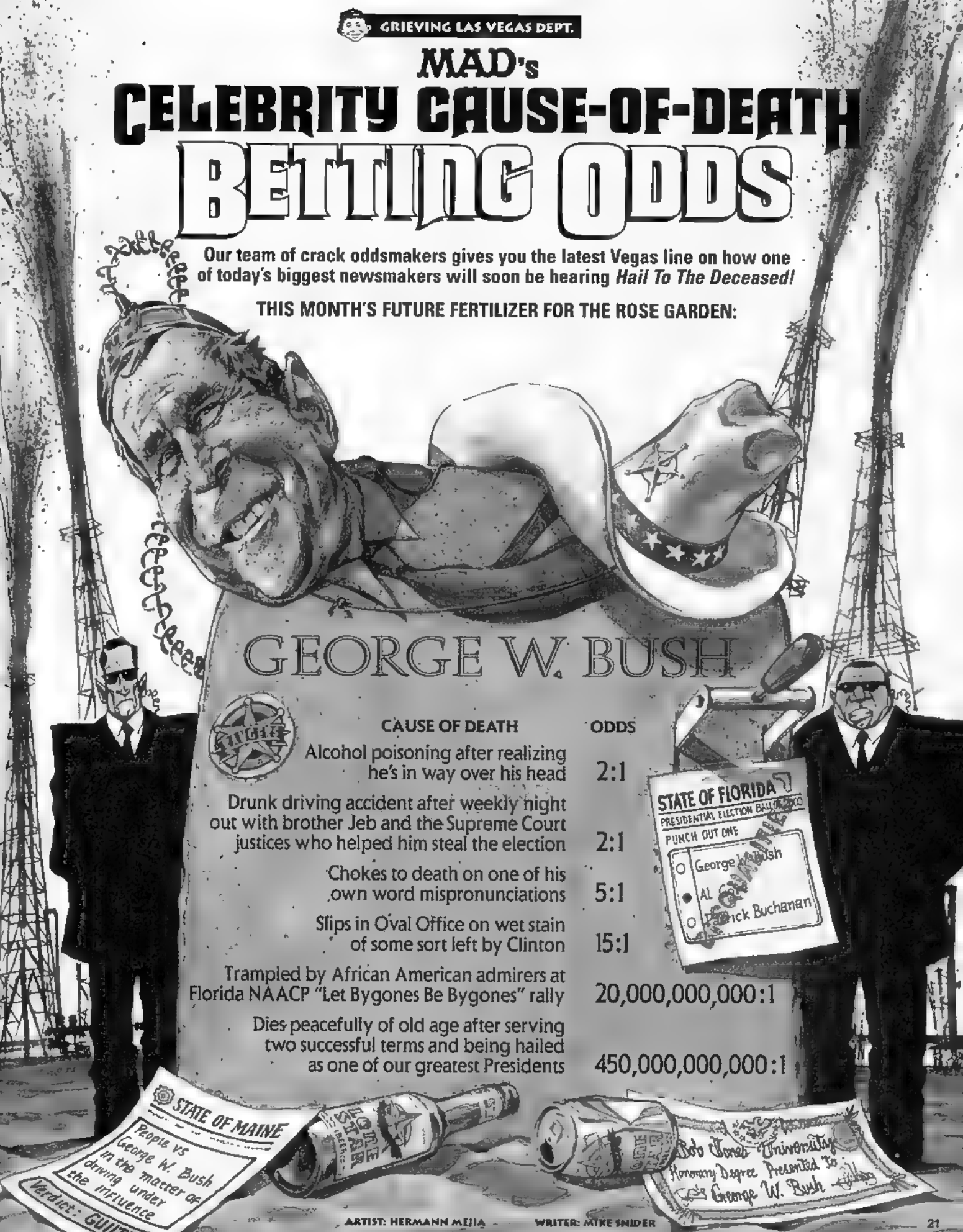
Do your eggs bounce when you drop them?

Have you ever peeled a banana and found it to be "anatomically correct"?

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest newsmakers will soon be hearing *Hail To The Deceased!*

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE FERTILIZER FOR THE ROSE GARDEN:


GEORGE W. BUSH
STATE OF FLORIDA
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION BALLOT 2000
PUNCH OUT ONE
George W. Bush
Al Gore
Patrick Buchanan
STATE OF MAINE
People vs George W. Bush in the matter of driving under the influence
Verdict: GUILTY
Bob Jones University
Honorary Degree Presented to George W. Bush

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Alcohol poisoning after realizing he's in way over his head	2:1
Drunk driving accident after weekly night out with brother Jeb and the Supreme Court justices who helped him steal the election	2:1
Chokes to death on one of his own word mispronunciations	5:1
Slips in Oval Office on wet stain of some sort left by Clinton	15:1
Trampled by African American admirers at Florida NAACP "Let Bygones Be Bygones" rally	20,000,000,000:1
Dies peacefully of old age after serving two successful terms and being hailed as one of our greatest Presidents	450,000,000,000:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

APPLY SWATTER DEPT.

So you think it's a big deal you got into college? Well, smarty pants, you really aren't all that! So go ahead and weep as we expose what really goes on when it comes to the fate of the applications you worked hours on! Here's...

A MAD PEEK AT A COLLEGE

You know, it's just amazing that I got this job as a college admissions officer! I didn't even graduate from college!
You didn't? Then how did you get the job?
The same way most of our students get into this place... I lied on the application!
NO COPYING OF EXPOSED POSTERIORS
We evaluate our applicants regardless of their ability to pay tuition!
That's very noble of you!
What's noble? We love it when students can't afford our tuition! It's more slave labor to do the crappy $5 an hour jobs all our regular employees refuse to do!
This girl wrote such a touching essay on her struggle about being adopted! It's so honest — she really bared her soul!
We've already received five of those — that was the half-price special last month on MyEssays.com!
A 1600 on her SAT's and a 4.0 GPA...well, I'll show little Miss Perfect Katy that her luck has just run dry!
Fred screwed up again! He mixed up the rejects and acceptees! Where did we find this guy anyway?
He was a hand ballot counter for the Florida Elections Commission!
WASTE IS A TERRIBLE THING TO MIND
X-FILES X-POSURE
REJECT
REJECT
I'D RATHER BE ASLEEP
SPRING BREAK!
APRIL
U WISH U WERE HERE
APRIL SPRING BREAK!

ARTIST: AMANDA CONNER

BEHIND THE SCENES
ADMISSIONS OFFICE
PUNKIN' JONUTS
One of this year's rejectees is on the phone. He wants to know how we could possibly reject a valedictorian with a 4.0 grade point average and perfect SAT scores!
Tell him two words: white male!
Oh no, I spilled my morning coffee all over these essays! I better bury these two applications in the garbage before the Director of Admissions sees them!
READING IS FUN TO MENTAL
PLEASE GET US COMPUTERS!!
SUGGESTION & COMPLAI
DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS
With all our quotas, I sometimes feel like we've got no room left for the truly qualified students!
I know what you mean — affirmative action is a drag!
Who's talking affirmative action? I'm talking about all the spots we're forced to leave open for friends and kids of wealthy alumni!
Here's a student with straight A's and perfect SAT's!
That makes the decision quite easy, doesn't it?
You're damn right! She's not setting foot in this school! We don't need students smarter than our instructors!
GIVE ME COFFEE OR GIVE ME DEATH!
SIR COFFEE
WRITER: AMY GILLETT

Remember when they said if you played certain records backwards, you'd hear secret, sometimes satanic messages? Well, there are some cases in music where the message isn't hidden, it's right in your face! Here's...

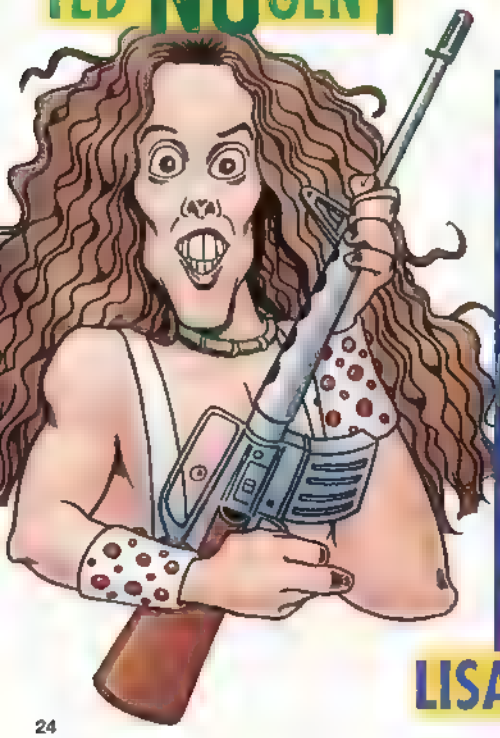
INSTANT MUSIC REVIEWS

GARTH BROOKS

CHRISTINA AGUILERA

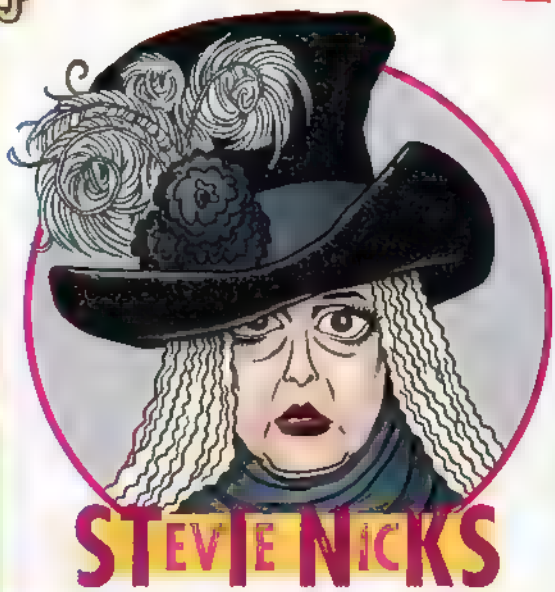
RICKY MARTIN

TED NUGENT



LISA "LEFT EYE" LOPES

STEVIE NICKS



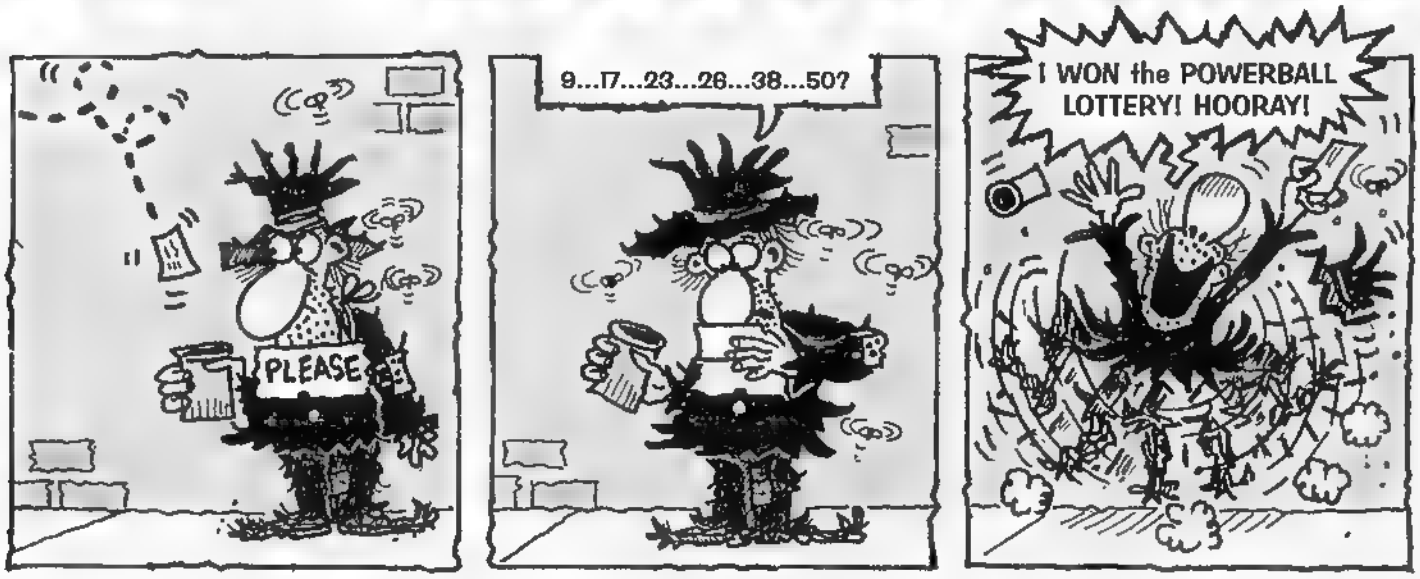
ARTIST: RICK TULKA

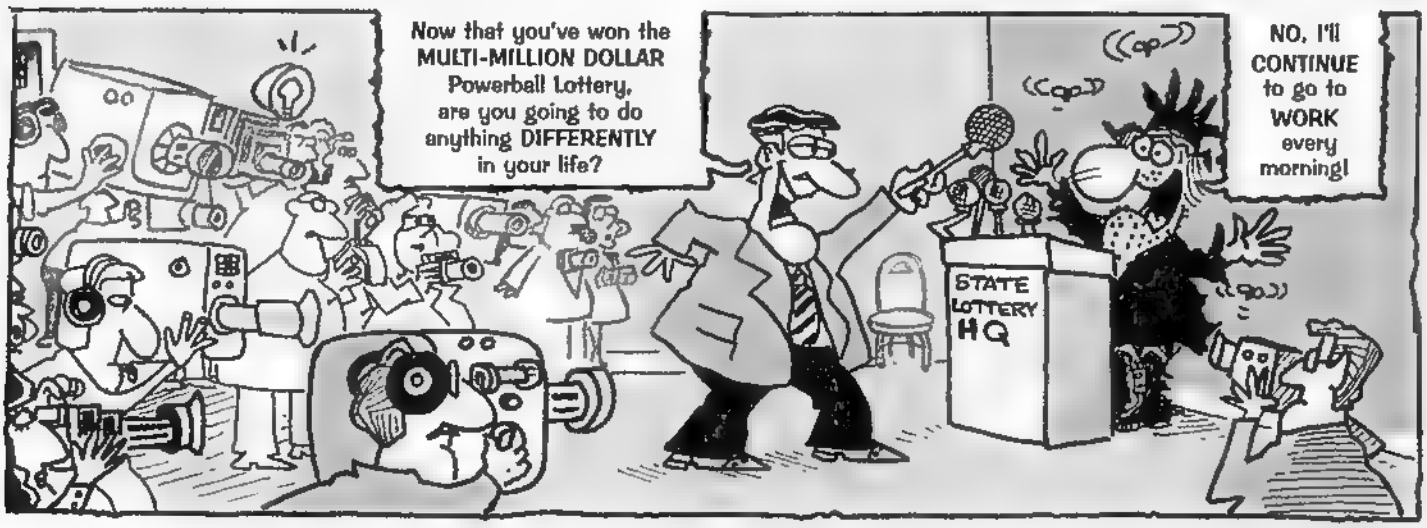
WRITER: RUSS COOPER

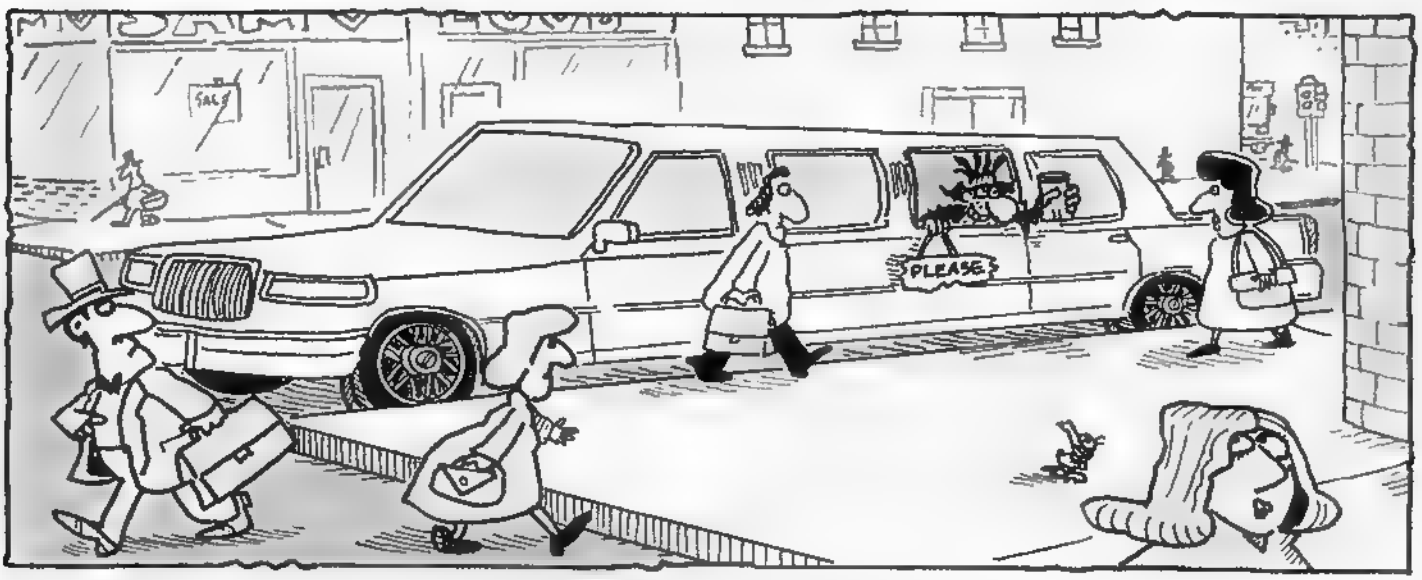
ALANIS MORISSETTE
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
JENNIFER LOPEZ
ELTON JOHN
WHITNEY HOUSTON
SMASH MOUTH
OOPS!
BRITNEY SPEARS

TALES FROM the DUCK SIDE

THE LEGEND OF BEGGAR VANCE




Now that you've won the MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR Powerball Lottery, are you going to do anything DIFFERENTLY in your life?
NO, I'll CONTINUE to go to WORK every morning!
STATE LOTTERY HQ



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

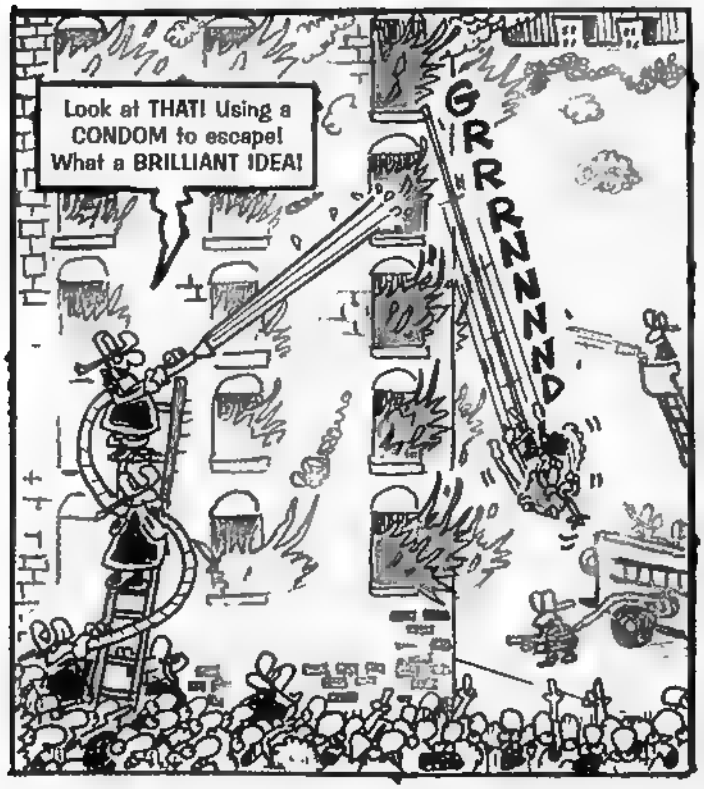
Real
Ad

ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

KUPER

TALES FROM the DUCK SIDE

OH RUBBER, WHERE ART THOU?



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

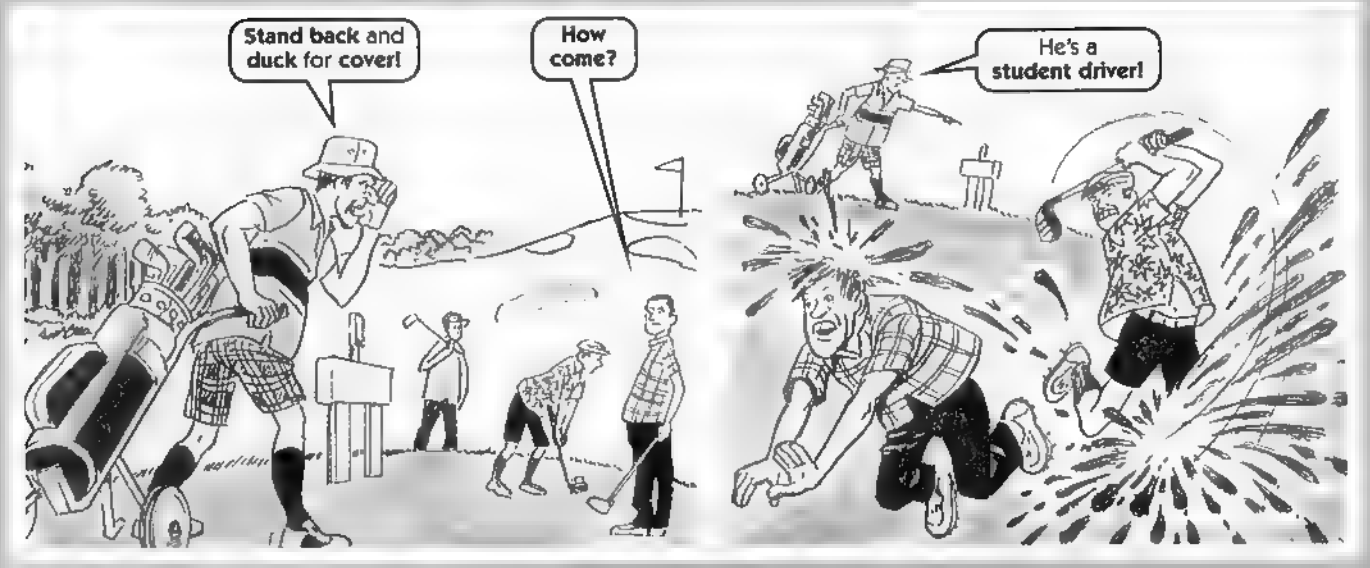
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

JUSTICE

You've been **sequestered** all **day**, jury members! Have you **finally come** to a **decision?**
Yes, your Honor! We have **voted** for **Chinese food** for **dinner!**

GOLF



AIRLINES

As you all can see, this **flight** has been **overbooked!** If anyone would like to **surrender** their **seats** they'd be given **$500** in cash and a **free flight** on the next scheduled departure!
I will!

SHARING

I'm **bored** out of **my mind!** Say **something** to get us **out of here!**
Well, it looks like you two **certainly** had a **wonderful vacation!** But I've got an **early morning appointment,** so I'm **afraid** we can't **stay** to see the **rest** of your **photos!**

That's **okay,** you can see them all on our **web site!** Be sure to take **notes!** I'll call you **tomorrow** and find out which ones you **liked most!**

GUIDANCE

As your **counselor,** I have to ask you a few **questions** before we begin! Do you know what **occupation** you'd like to **pursue later** on in your **adult life?**
You mean like a **job?**
I'm **hoping** they'll all be **taken** by **then** and I **won't** have to **work!**
GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

RELATIVITY

PROGRAMMING

I **heard** you **mumbling** to **yourself** from the **kitchen!** What's the **big problem?**
Now that we have over **200 channels** to **choose** from, it's not easy **deciding** which one to **watch at 8 o'clock!**
It **won't** make **any difference!** It's **already** after **nine!**

ACCIDENTS

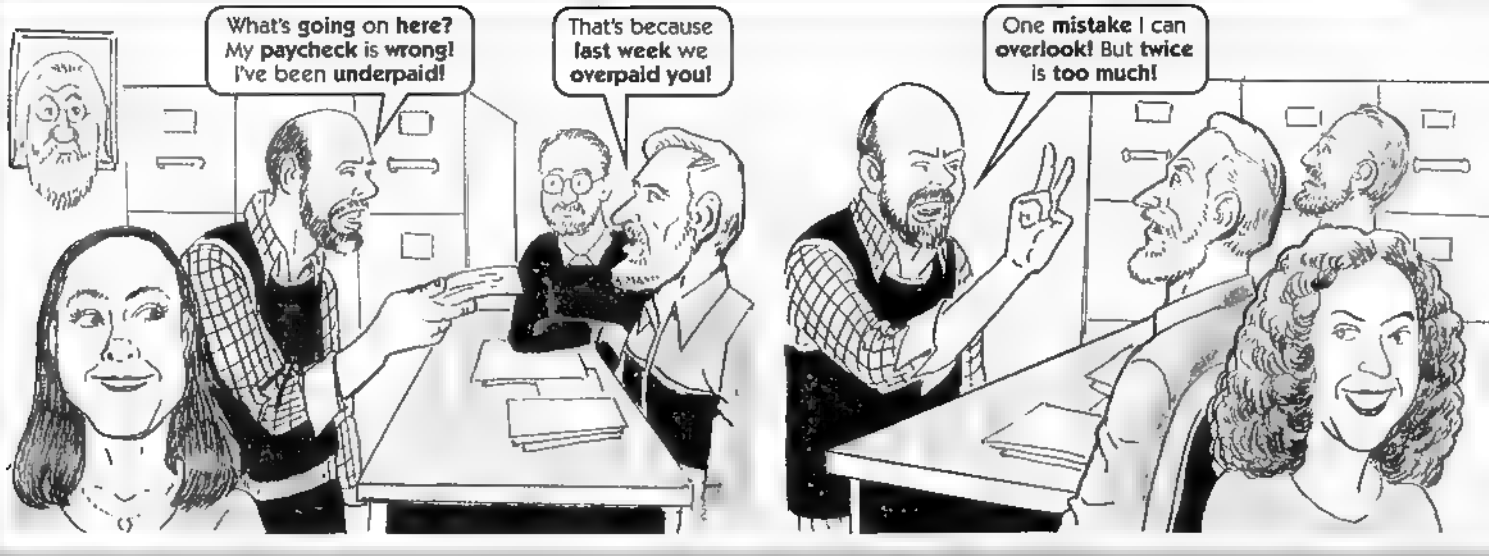
THERAPY

I've come to you for help on a particular problem, Dr. Forman! I seem to be attracted to women who always take me for every dollar I have!
That's not uncommon today, Mr. Kochman!
Let's see if we can get in touch with your inner schmuck!

EMERGENCIES

The alarm board sounded and indicated there was a fire in the large, rear office!
That's my boss's office!
But Mr. Zarkin is a very busy man! I can't let you go back there without an appointment!

THE OFFICE


What's **going** on **here?** My **paycheck** is **wrong!** I've been **underpaid!**
That's because **last week** we **overpaid you!**
One **mistake** I can **overlook!** But **twice** is **too much!**

FINANCE

Look Daddy, I **lost** my **baby tooth!**
Oh, **great!** Put it **under** your **pillow** tonight and maybe the **tooth fairy** will **give** you a **quarter!**
A **quarter?** Nah, I **think** I **can** get **more selling it** on **eBay!**

DOCTORS

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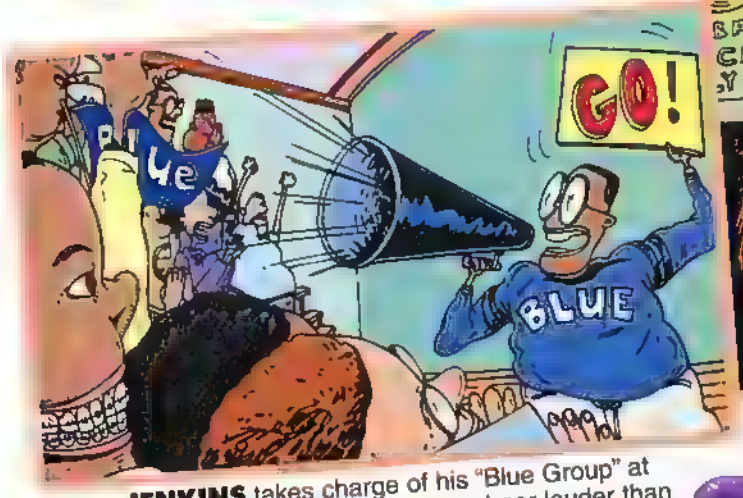
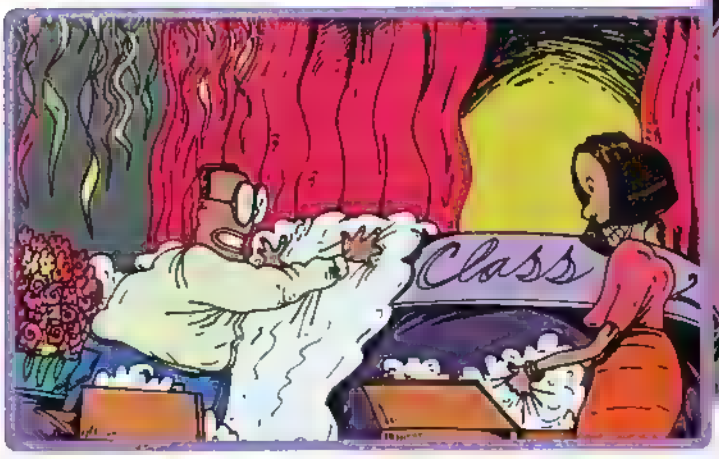
A MAD AD PARODY



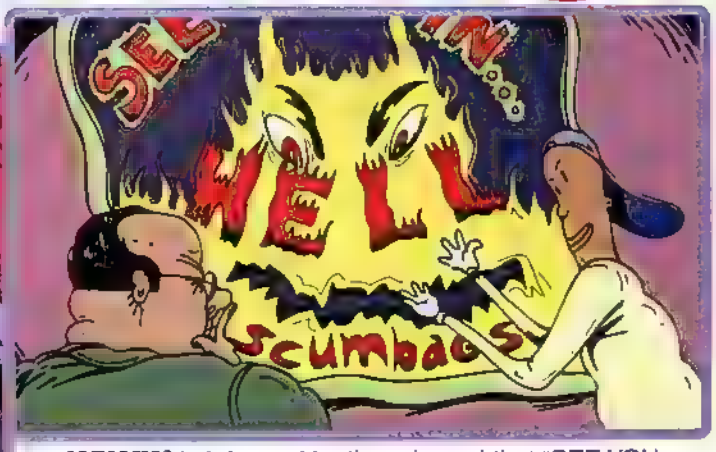
JENKINS takes charge of his "Blue Group" at the pep rally, and urges them to cheer louder than the Red Group and Gold Group combined.

MELVIN thinks that nothing creates "instant pep" faster than amphetamines in the communal water fountains.

Melvin &

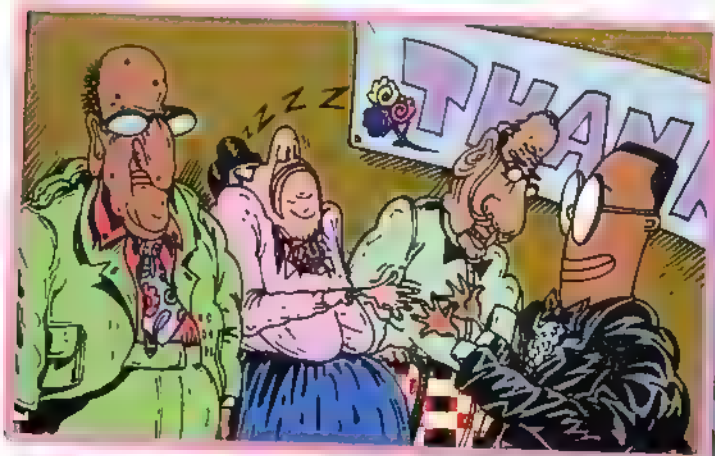


JENKINS helps drape the auditorium with multi-colored bunting in advance of the graduation festivities.



MELVIN is informed by the principal that "SEE YOU IN HELL, SCUMBAGS" isn't quite the graduation theme that the administration was hoping to see.

Guide to SCH

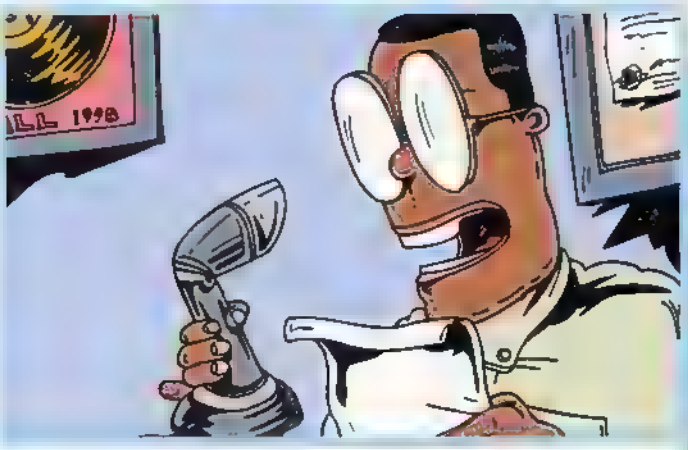


JENKINS puts together a retirement party for the school's most senior teacher to say "thank you for the caring...thank you for the guidance...thank you for your service."

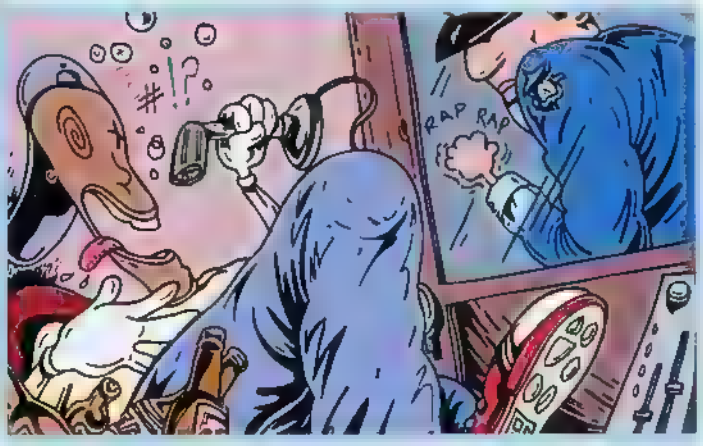
MELVIN pulls the old collapsible cane switcheroo under the classic comedy premise "always leave 'em laughing."

JENKINS makes a straw figure representing the rival school's coach, and burns it in effigy at the rally before the big game.

MELVIN says, "Why waste all that time making a straw figure?"



JENKINS volunteers to read the daily announcements over the P.A. system during homeroom period.



MELVIN barricades himself inside the sound booth and gets all the way down to "Three bottles of beer on the wall" before the Fire Marshall bursts through.

JENKINS joins the yearbook committee and tries to ensure that no single clique dominates the photographs.

MELVIN says, "No fair, how come the dead kid gets a whole page to himself?"

ARTIST: KEVIN POPE WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

The lair, the clubhouse, the hideout. Whatever you call it, we all need sanctuary from life's headaches. Even our hero. Grab a hammer, it's...

MONROE and...

WATCHA DOIN', MISTER?
I'M WRITING THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL. WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING, KID? THE CITY IS TEARING DOWN THIS OLD CRACKHOUSE!
HEY, CAN I HAVE SOME OF THAT WOOD?
NAW, THAT'S THE GOOD STUFF! TAKE THE TERMITE-EATEN STUFF OVER THERE. NOW, BEAT IT BEFORE I RUN THIS BACKHOE UP YOUR ASS!
COOL, THANKS!
AH, SHADDUP!
NOTHING THAT A LITTLE URINE CAN'T CURE. GO AHEAD AND PEE ON IT. YOU'LL BE FINE!
THAT'S YOUR ANSWER TO EVERYTHING!
AND WHEN YOU STOP YOUR WHINING AND START ACTING LIKE A MAN I'LL HELP YOU BUILD YOUR LITTLE FORT.
DEAL!
IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GOING FOR SOME SMOKES.
ONE WEEK LATER...
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET THIS FORT STARTED! I "BORROWED" SOME MORE LUMBER!
YOU'VE BEEN GONE A WEEK! HOW COME NOW?
TREE HOUSES ARE A GOOD TIME, SON. A PLACE WHERE A MAN CAN GO TO ESCAPE IT ALL WITHOUT LANDING A HEFTY BAR TAB AT THE END OF THE NIGHT.
WHATEVER. DAMN! A RUSTY NAIL POKED ME. I THINK I NEED A TETANUS SHOT!
THAT DON'T LOOK TOO BAD.
BUT THE NAIL WENT CLEAR THROUGH MY ARM!
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING...?
DON'T TELL ME-- PEE ON IT?
YOU'RE STARTING TO GET IT, KID.

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

THE TREE HOUSE

WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS CRAP?
I GOT IT FREE! CAN YOU HELP ME BUILD A TREE FORT? I'M SICK OF HANGING OUT IN THAT DAMN CELLAR. IT REALLY SUCKS, YOU KNOW?
WELL, THAT'S A DAMN SHAME! BUT LET'S REMEMBER HOW YOU BEGGED TO MOVE INTO THE CELLAR.
WHAT?! YOU MADE ME MOVE DOWN THERE, SO THAT BABY PERRY CAN HAVE MY ROOM!
DON'T HANG ME ON THE DETAILS!
YEAH, AND NOW THE RATS FEED ON ME EVERY NIGHT! LOOK HOW PALE I AM! I GOT BITES ALL OVER MY LEGS!
I'VE DRAWN UP SOME PLANS! FIRST THING TO DO IS PICK A SPOT. YOU WANT TO MAKE SURE IT'S AWAY FROM THE SEPTIC TANK.
THAT'S THE MISTAKE I MADE WITH THE FOUNTAIN!
HOW ABOUT UP IN THIS TREE? LOOKS PRETTY STRONG.
NAH, THAT ONE OVER THERE GIVES US A CLEAR SHOT INTO THE HENDERSONS' CRAPPER.
YEAH? SO?
THAT HENDERSON GIRL IS HOME FROM COLLEGE AND I'M GUESSING SHE'S GONNA USE THE SHOWER!
WORKS FOR ME!
LOOKIN' GOOD! HAND ME THAT LEVEL. WE NEED TO LAY SOME FLOOR-BOARDS.
WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO CARPENTRY SO GOOD, DAD?
WELL, LET'S JUST SAY I REALIZED PRESSING LICENSE PLATES WASN'T A SKILL I COULD USE ON THE OUTSIDE.
OH, I GET IT.
BESIDES, IN THE JOINT, I COULD GET HALF A CARTON FOR A SLIVER OF WOOD. WE CALLED 'EM "EYE PICKS"!
SWEET DEAL!

Monroe

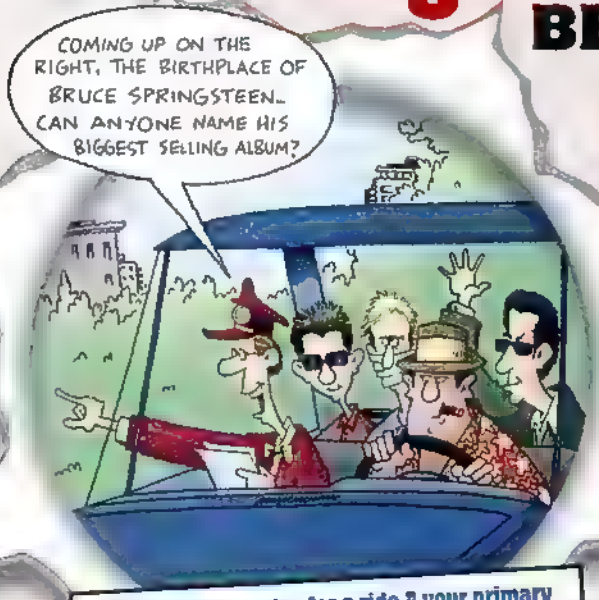
BUILDING STUFF IS GREAT, BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR POWERTOOLS.
HOW COME?
'CAUSE IF THEY'RE CLEAN, PAWN SHOPS WILL PAY YOU MORE FOR THEM WHEN YOU'RE ON A BENDER!
THERE! SHE'S ALL DONE!
WOW! THIS IS AMAZING!
I'M TELLING YOU GUYS, IT'S AWESOME!
A TREE HOUSE? WHAT ARE YOU, TEN? AND GAY? AND RETARDED? AND... AND...
COME ON, DYLAN. DO IT...
...AND PRESBYTERIAN?
JK. GOOD ONE, DYLAN. I'M PRETTY SURE
WOK!
WHY DON'T YOU LOSERS GET A NEW ACT? I'LL COME SEE IT, MARTY. I GOT SOME TIME TO KILL BEFORE MY TEEN AA MEETING ANYWAY.
AWESOME!
YOU WERE SERIOUS? COME ON, KID, WHO KNEW YOU HAD FRIENDS?
ESPECIALLY HOT YOUNG GIRLS!
LOOK, DAD, WE WANT TO HANG OUT IN THE TREE HOUSE!
NOT WITH ME, YOU'RE NOT! THESE GUYS ARE CREEPIER THAN YOU!
AH, DON'T SWEAT THE SKIRT, SPORT! TELL YOU WHAT, YOU CAN HANG IN HERE WHILE WE PLAY POKER! JUST DON'T TOUCH THE CARDS!
LET ME DIE NOW

NICE, HUH?
CABLE TV, A MINIFRIDGE-- THIS IS THE BEST TREE HOUSE EVER!
JUST DON'T NVITE THE NEIGHBORS! THEY MIGHT WANT THEIR STUFF BACK!
I'M GONNA GO TELL MY FRIENDS!
SURE THING, KID! "FRIENDS," GOOD ONE!
PAT! PAT!
DAD'S POKER STUFF
CARE FOR ANOTHER "SUNNY D," JOLINDA?
THANKS, TARZAN! I JUST LOVE TREE HOUSE DUDES!
HEY, PRIVATE PARTY, KID! DAMMIT! WHO'S DEALING THESE CARDS?!
DON'T SWEAT IT, KNUCKLES, HE'S WITH ME
LISTEN MONROE, YOUR MOM'S IN ONE OF HER MONTHLY MOODS AND THAT FREAKIN' BABY BROTHER OF YOURS NEVER STOPS CRYIN', SO I'M GONNA NEED THE CLUBHOUSE FOR A WHILE, YOU UNDERSTAND?
BUT I BROUGHT A "FRIEND" OVER! I TOLD YOU!
LATER...
HEY, KID, WHAT AM I, AN ORPHAN? MY DRINK NEEDS MORE ICE OVER HERE!
...AND HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA ASK HIM FOR A FREAKIN' ASHTRAY?
DON'T MIND MY BOY, FELLAS. I DROPPED HIM ON HIS HEAD A COUPLE OF TIMES WHEN HE WAS A BABY. CHOP, CHOP, MONROE! AND KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR WHEN OLD LADY HENDERSON USES THE SHOWER!
I'LL BE IN THE CELLAR WITH MY FRIENDS, THE RATS!
Bill Wray

A WORD TO THE WISE GUYS DEPT.

Not for nuttin', but ever since HBO first put dat dere show Da Sopranos on da air, everybody's freakin' actin' and talkin' like dey are wise guys. Alls we got to say is, "Hold your freakin' horses, Don Schmendrick!" To be a member in good standin' wit da boys, you foist gotta prove dat you're a tough guy and can handle yourself in certain "delicate" situations. Ya know, like cappin' a guy and cuttin' up his body and plantin' it all over the Joisey swamplands. Only then do you take da oath, swear your allegiance to da mafia and become what is known as a "made man." So, all you Paulie Walnuts Wannabes out dere, you think ya got what it takes? Don't make us freakin' laugh...

YOU CAN Fuhgeddabout BECOMING A Made Man IN THE Sopranо MOB IF...



When "taking a guy for a ride," your primary task is pointing out historical landmarks.

You're the only "Waste Management Consultant" in your 12-man crew who actually wears coveralls and handles waste.

ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL

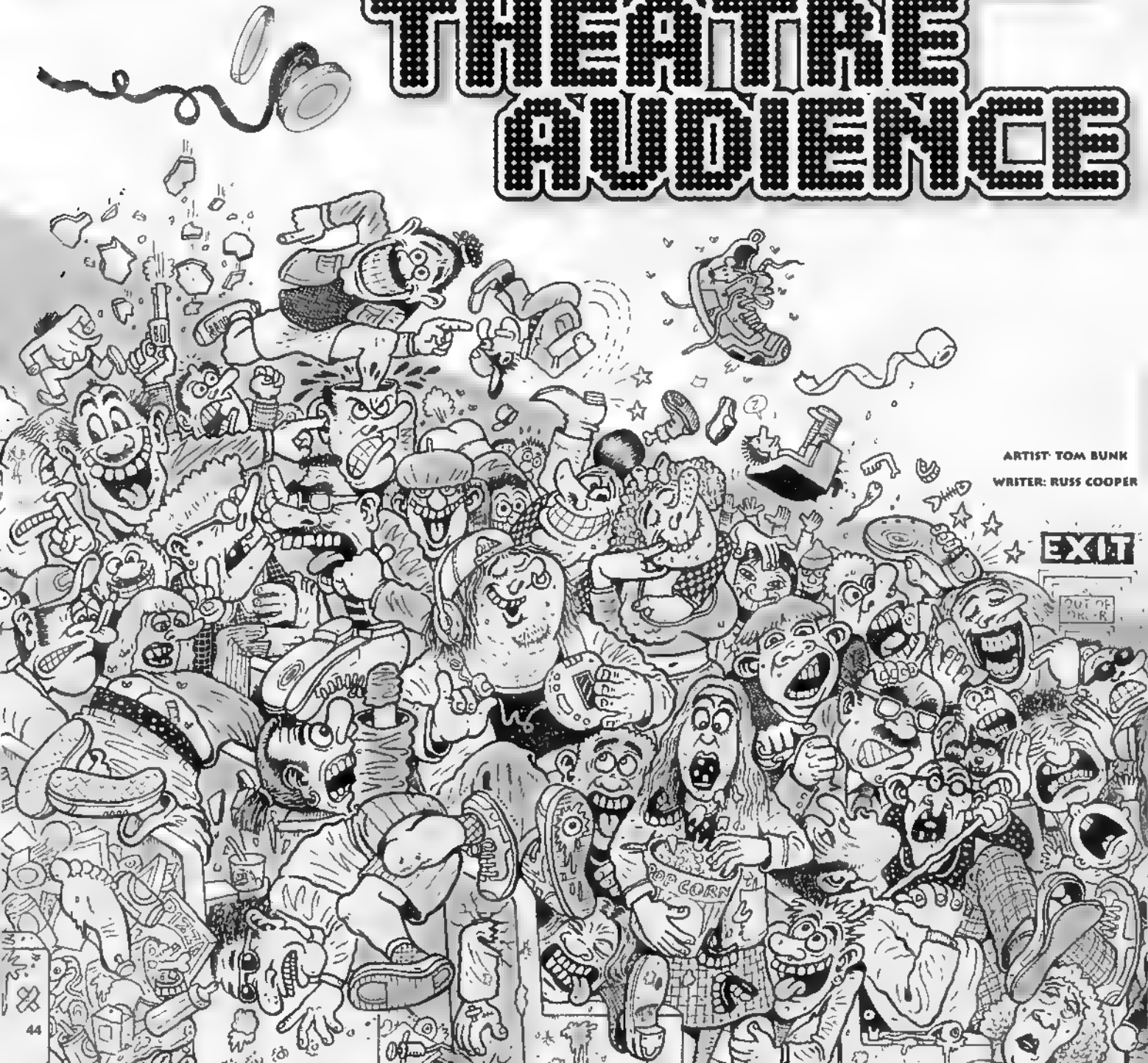
Your bookmaking operation specializes in professional wrestling.

Your self-proclaimed "brilliant" suburbia-targeted plan to whack guys as they start their lawnmowers proves less than successful.

YOU FAT F@%¡...I'M GONNA F@%¡IN' MAKE YOU F@%¡IN' WISH YOU KEPT YOUR MOUTH THE F@%¡ SHUT NEXT T—
OOOPS JAR 25¢
You continually pester guys with a stupid quarter jar every time somebody drops the F-word.
Word is out on the street that if someone's late paying off his gambling debts, there's a good chance you'll show up and give them a case of writer's cramp they'll never forget.
OKAY, BOOK BOY, YOU'RE BEHIND THREE WEEKS ON DAVID COPPERFIELD. THAT PUTS YOU INTO MISS SCHWUMPF FOR SEVENTY NINE CENTS, PLUS THE JUICE! NOW...YOU WANNA TALK MOBY FREAKIN' DICK!?
EXIT
INF
Your number one duty is collecting library fines.
YE OLDE MURKY WATER-FRONT HARE HOUSE, INC.
EEEYOWCH!
You've never actually carried out a contract hit due to your propensity for piano wire cuts.
HEY, PUHAAK! PU-HEE-HEE-HEE!! PHONE CALL FOR PUSSY!
MO
Saying other guys' mob nicknames always gives you the giggles.
Your jewelry of choice — a Winnie the Pooh pinkie ring.

If for once in your life you stayed until the end of a movie instead of bolting out early to sneak into the theatre next door so you could see two movies for the price of one, you'd know that at the end of each movie they show something called the credits. The credits consist of the names of the people responsible for making the film you just saw. Which got us thinking. If directors and actors can get credit on the big screen, then why not credit *everything* connected with your moviegoing experience? We're running out of space, so we might as well just show you! Please stay seated during

MAD CLOSING CREDITS For a typical MOVIE THEATRE AUDIENCE



ARTIST: TOM BUNK

WRITER: RUSS COOPER

Script Continuity Provided By	GIRL IN ROW 6 EXPLAINING PLOT POINTS TO SLOW, SLOW BOYFRIEND
Crinkles, Snaps And Assorted Doodle Bag Rustlings By	CHEAP DIPWAD IN ROW 9 SNEAKING IN HER OWN SNACKS
Additional Dialogue And One-Liners By	UNFUNNY SCHMUCK IN THE BACK ROW WHO THINKS HE'S A COMEDIAN
Peripheral Distraction Courtesy Of	BUZZING, FAULTILY WIRED ORANGE EXIT SIGN
Cell Phone Interruptions Discourtesy Of	DISCOURTEOUS A-HOLES IN ROWS 4, 9 AND 12
Laser Pointer "Comic" Effects Annoyingly Provided By	ANNOYING A-HOLE IN ROW 2
Inappropriate Oddball Laughter Randomly Furnished By	WEIRD DATELESS GUY IN ROW 5
Killer's Identity Prematurely Revealed By	KNOW-IT-ALL A-HOLE IN FRONT OF YOU
Random Aggravation Provided By	OLD COUPLE IN ROW 19 GRUMBLING ABOUT HOW THIS R-RATED MOVIE HAS CURSING IN IT
Fat Guy Next To You Played By	THE SAME GUY WHO SITS NEXT TO YOU ON AIRPLANES
Additional Discomfort Provided By	THE GUY WHO SITS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF YOU EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE PLENTY OF EMPTY SEATS ELSEWHERE
Future $300 Dental Bill Courtesy Of	UNPOPPED CORN KERNEL FROM THE CONCESSION STAND
Introducing	A HYSTERICAL BABY WHO, APPARENTLY, HAS NEVER BEEN IN A DARK THEATRE BEFORE
Subtitles And Credits Pointlessly Read Aloud By	LOUDMOUTH IN THE SEAT BEHIND YOU

NO MOVIEGOERS WERE ENTERTAINED IN THE PROCESS OF PROJECTING THIS FILM

MAD COVER TO COVER
A full-color collection of every MAD cover from issue 1 to 400! Plus, background stories, sketches, rejects and things you don't want to know!
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IF YOU'VE GOT THE CASH, WE'VE GOT THE JUNK!
ON SALE WHEREVER SHODDY MERCHANDISE IS SOLD!
DEPT. OF MAD SANITATION
CASTRO OIL

C.S.OY

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Bureau Chief **Swill Gruesome**! I'm a **criminalist**, and a **slave driver** to my **team**! A **criminalist** is someone who **uses forensic science**, like **splattered blood**, **severed organs** and **torn off fingers** or **toe nails** to **solve a crime**! I use it **mostly** to make **people** get **sick** to their **stomach**, **throw up** or **pass out**! I mean, even a **criminalist** needs to have a **little fun**! Some **members** of my **team** have **accused** me of being a bit **too much** on the "**touchy-feely**" side with the **women** around here, but I have an **explanation** for that! I'm **in training** to do **something** like that with an **actual** *living* **female**!

I'm **Captain Grim**! I'm **mean**! I'm **insensitive**! I'm **unlovable** and I'm **overbearing**! In other words, **C.S.Oy** may think it's **breaking new ground** on TV, but **my portrayal** of a **police captain** is as **hackneyed** as on **any other** cop show! I'm also **so stiff**, at least **once a month**, some **jerk** at C.S.Oy **starts** doing an **autopsy on me** because they **think** I'm **dead**!

I'm **Caughtone Gallows**, a **single mom** with a **dual role** in **life**! I work **hard** as a **Crime Scene Investigator**, while **trying** to be a **proper parent** as I **raise** my little **girl**! To **give** her an **idea** of what her **mom** does for a **living**, I **took** her **with** me to "**daughters at work**" **day**! She sat through **three autopsies** and **visited** the **morgue twice**! Now I feel **nothing** can **upset** her in **real life**! **Except** she **still** does get **sick** watching **most** of the **shows** on the **Fox network**! Unfortunately, **nothing** can **prepare** a **child** for **that**!

I'm **Nice Strokes**, **C.S.Oy agent**! In **my** case the **C.S.** in **C.S.Oy** stands for "**charming** and **sexy**"! I **love** my **job**! I get **paid** a pretty **decent salary** just to **solve puzzles** all day! Then when I'm **done** with the **daily crossword**, I sometimes go out on a **real case**, but I **don't mind**! At **least** then **not only** the **dead people** get to see how **good looking** I **am**!

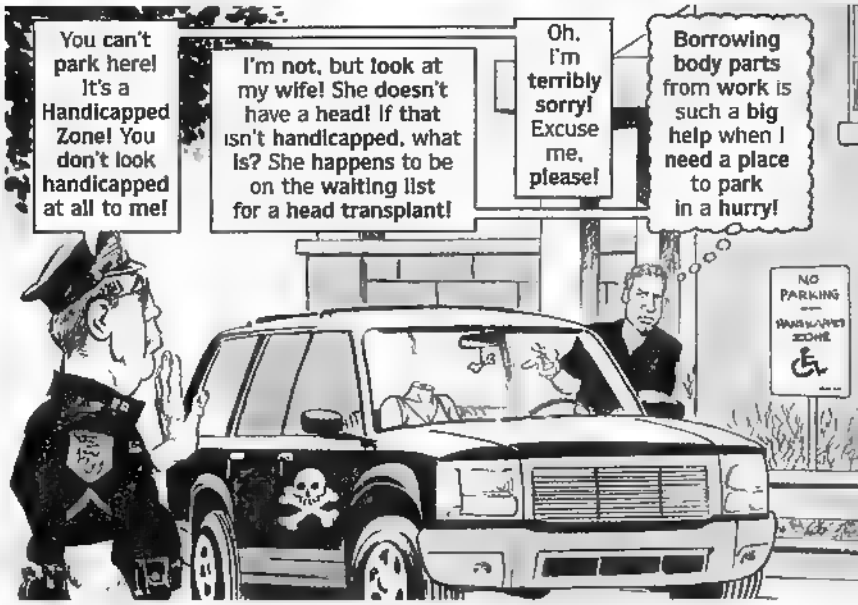
I'm **Surry Saddle**, the **newest** member of the **C.S.Oy** team, and frankly, I'm **not accustomed** to seeing **guts splattered everywhere** and watching **body parts** being **dissected** at **autopsies**! To **prepare** myself, I'm taking **special training**! A couple of times a **week** I go to **one** of the big **Las Vegas hotel's** "**all you can eat buffets**" and I **dissect** the **meat loaf**! You **can't believe** the **amount** of **gross stuff** in **there**! Talk about **disgusting**!

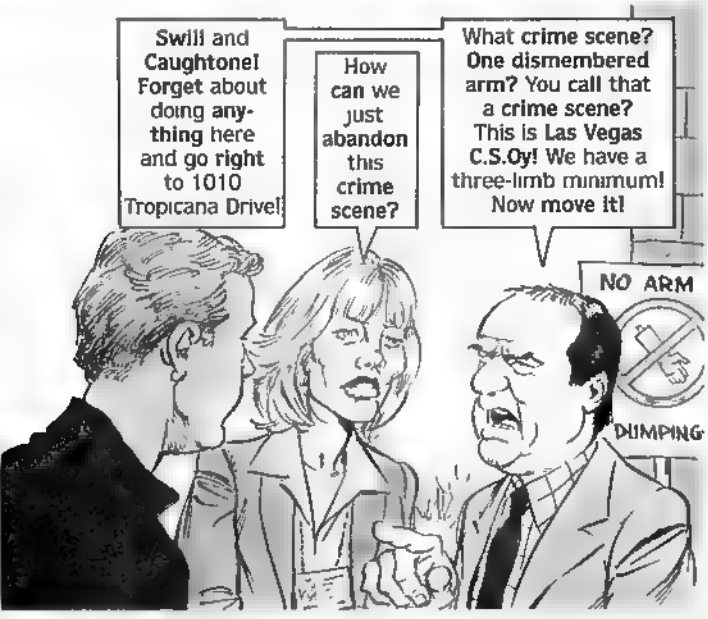
I'm **Worry Frown** and I round out the **cliché cast**! The **hard boiled chief**, **single mom**, **stud muffin**, **rookie**, and **me** — **cool**, slick **minority officer**! **How** cliché am I? Let me put it this **way**! I **try** not to **not stand sideways** because you **wouldn't see me**! That's how **two dimensional** I am! I **act cool** by **using** the word "**ass**" on **national TV**, and **using** it a **lot**! I **used** it a **dozen times** in the **pilot episode alone**, and if you **don't like** it, you can **kiss my ass**!

Look! Sticking out of that blue plastic bag! It's an arm!
An arm? That's awful! Blue plastic bags are for cans and bottles! Body parts go in the clear plastic bags!
We better call the cops!
Don't you mean the sanitation police? They take recycling violations seriously here in Las Vegas!

Did you kids have anything to do with this?
No, sir! We were just walking by and we saw that arm sticking out of the garbage bag!
We wouldn't even know how to cut off someone's arm!
Well, to do it right, you'd need something big and very sharp! Like an axe, or a machete, or a heavy duty saw! And you'd have to be pretty strong to cut through the muscle and tissue fiber and —
VEGAS

I don't think you need to go into all of that!
Why not? How else is a kid to learn? You as a single mom should know kids need to be nurtured!
Teaching them that particular thing is not my job! They learn all they need to know about murder and dismemberment in the schoolyard!


You can't park here! It's a Handicapped Zone! You don't look handicapped at all to me!
I'm not, but look at my wife! She doesn't have a head! If that isn't handicapped, what is? She happens to be on the waiting list for a head transplant!
Oh, I'm terribly sorry! Excuse me, please!
Borrowing body parts from work is such a big help when I need a place to park in a hurry!
NO PARKING


Swill and Caughtone! Forget about doing anything here and go right to 1010 Tropicana Drive!
How can we just abandon this crime scene?
What crime scene? One dismembered arm? You call that a crime scene? This is Las Vegas C.S.Oy! We have a three-limb minimum! Now move it!
NO ARM
DUMPING

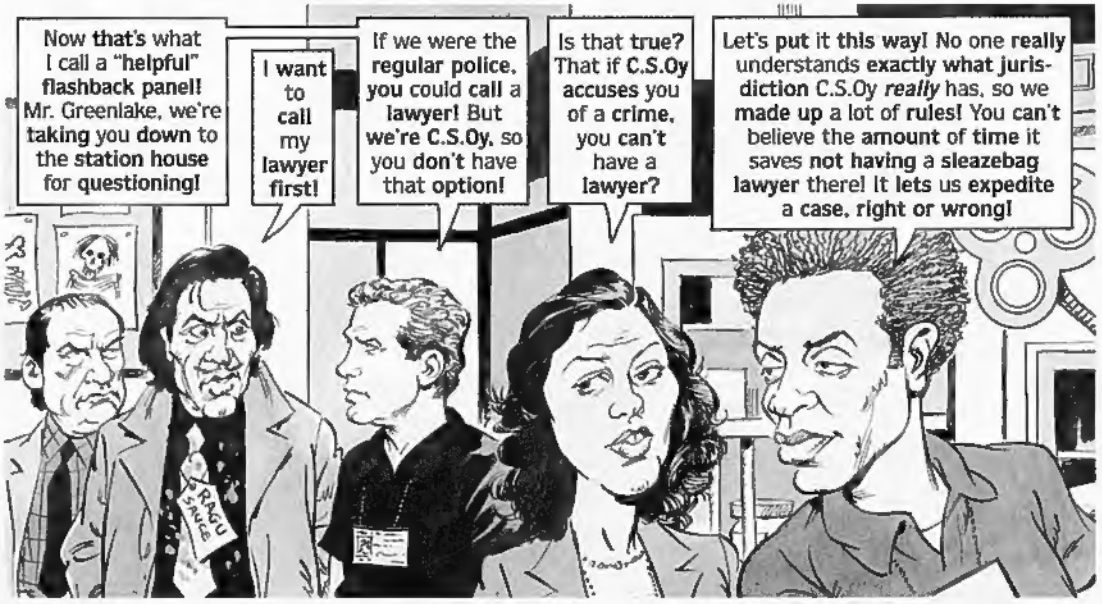
So, what'd you find so far?
A fingernail! I'm examining it under this high intensity microscope!
You think it had something to do with the way this body was mutilated?
Mutilated body? Where?
Well there's an arm on the sofa, and there's a leg in the kitchen, and more body parts all over the place! Didn't you see them?
Give me a break! I've only been here for an hour! I found the fingernail! I can't notice everything!

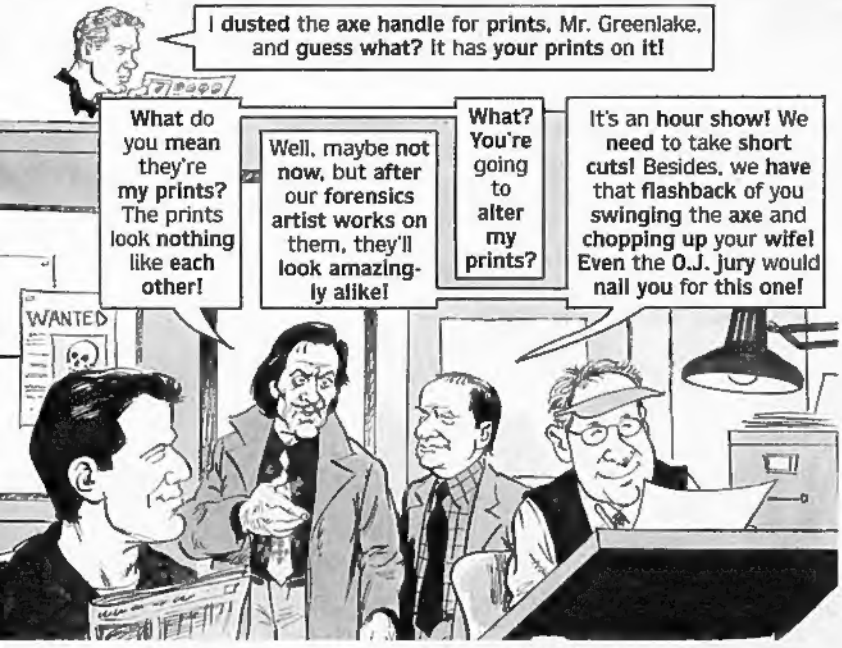
I say this fingernail was cut off by a sharp implement!
Like an axe?
Yes! You're good!
Lucky guess! Besides, this head on the sofa still has the axe lodged in it!
Another score for forensics!
Yes, forensics is an exacting science! And the way we depict it, we also make a case for it being a tedious and boring science!
Speaking of tedious and boring, putting this yellow "crime scene" tape around everything takes so many hours!
Surry, just put "crime scene" tape on the front door! You don't have to put it on each item in the house!
Will someone give me a hand? I can't move! I stood still for a second and Surry wrapped "crime scene" tape all around me!
I'm Mike Greenlake! What's going on here? Where's my wife?
She's in the kitchen! And the living room!
And she's in the bed-room!
And maybe in the basement too! We haven't looked yet!
How can she be in so many places at one time?
She's in so many places because she's in so many pieces!
So many pieces? Is this some kind of joke?
Yes! It is! It's forensic humor!
I don't find it funny at all!
Well, that's for-ensic humor for you!
BADA BING!
There was a foot in the basement! I matched it up with the other body parts that I found around the house!
I know you're new at forensics, but look carefully at the way you assembled that body, and see if you can do a tad better!
Your wife's watch was smashed at 8:40 p.m.! Where were you at 8:40 p.m.?
Certainly you don't think I had anything to do with this bloodbath?
Bloodbath? What made you use that expression? No one said anything about a "bloodbath"!

If you're so innocent, what's the red stuff on your shirt?
Spaghetti sauce!
Yeah, right! We're supposed to believe that someone could actually get sauce on their shirt eating spaghetti! What do you take us for, morons?!

Nuts! Usually those quick flashback scenes we use on this show to keep people awake tells us exactly what happened, but that flashback didn't help me at all! Let's try another one!

You rotten mumble, mumble, mumble!
You can't mumble, mumble, mumble!


Now that's what I call a "helpful" flashback panel! Mr. Greenlake, we're taking you down to the station house for questioning!
I want to call my lawyer first!
If we were the regular police, you could call a lawyer! But we're C.S.Oy, so you don't have that option!
Is that true? That if C.S.Oy accuses you of a crime, you can't have a lawyer?
Let's put it this way! No one really understands exactly what jurisdiction C.S.Oy *really* has, so we made up a lot of rules! You can't believe the amount of time it saves not having a sleazebag lawyer there! It lets us expedite a case, right or wrong!


I dusted the axe handle for prints, Mr. Greenlake, and guess what? It has your prints on it!
What do you mean they're my prints? The prints look nothing like each other!
Well, maybe not now, but after our forensics artist works on them, they'll look amazingly alike!
What? You're going to alter my prints?
It's an hour show! We need to take short cuts! Besides, we have that flashback of you swinging the axe and chopping up your wife! Even the O.J. jury would nail you for this one!
WANTED

You can't convict a man of murder based on a flashback!
We do it all the time here at C.S.Oy!
How can you?
Our flashbacks are in black and white! That makes them look like news coverage!
And the muted voices enables our stenographer to type up lots of incriminating dialogue that almost fits the mumbled words!
OPEN SKULL WEEK

That's it! This case is all wrapped up!
I'll get a judge to sign his incarceration papers and he'll be out of our way!
What? I get no trial? No due process?
Please! If you start with that nonsense, we'd never solve as many cases as we do!
I know I'm kinda new here, but how can you get a judge to sign papers without a trial?
That's why we work at night! Wake a judge up out of a sound sleep at 4 a.m. and he'll sign anything without asking questions!
Attention C.S.Oy investigators! Emergency situation at the MGM Grand! Respond immediately!
It's a suicide! Probably depression!
He's got six bullet holes in his head! What kind of suicide could that be?
Okay, make it *severe* depression! Probably over what a bad shot he was! Look, there's a much juicier case for you in the basement of the hotel! Let us regular cops screw up this case!
Okay, but here's some free forensic advice! If you're gonna stick with reporting it as a suicide, put the gun in his other hand, so it's on the same side as the bullet holes in his head!
My God! Dozens of people cut in two! I've never seen anything like this in my life!
It's wonderful, isn't it? Take lots of pictures!
To bring back to the lab?
The hell with the lab, I want these for next year's Christmas card!
What are you doing in my prop room?
David Copperfield? The magician? We found at least a hundred women sawed in half here!
So? I saw a woman in half every night I'm on stage!
My God! You really saw women in half?
Of course I do! What'd you think? It's a trick? You cops sure are dumb!
Claudia
What do we do, chief? He really has cut up all these people!
I hope I don't have to put yellow "crime scene" tape around all the body parts! It'll take days!
Let's just say we investigated and found nothing wrong!
Found nothing wrong? What about all the bodies?
Send them down to Siegfried & Roy! They always need extra food for their big cats!

WHAT TEXAN IS UNDER SEVERE NATIONAL PRESSURE TO PROVE HIS WORTH?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

When you enter the national spotlight and declare to all that you're the man, you'd better be able to stand and deliver when the time comes. There's one Texan who has now been given his big moment to shine and an eager nation waits to see if this young upstart will succeed or drop the ball. To find out who this lone star stallion is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

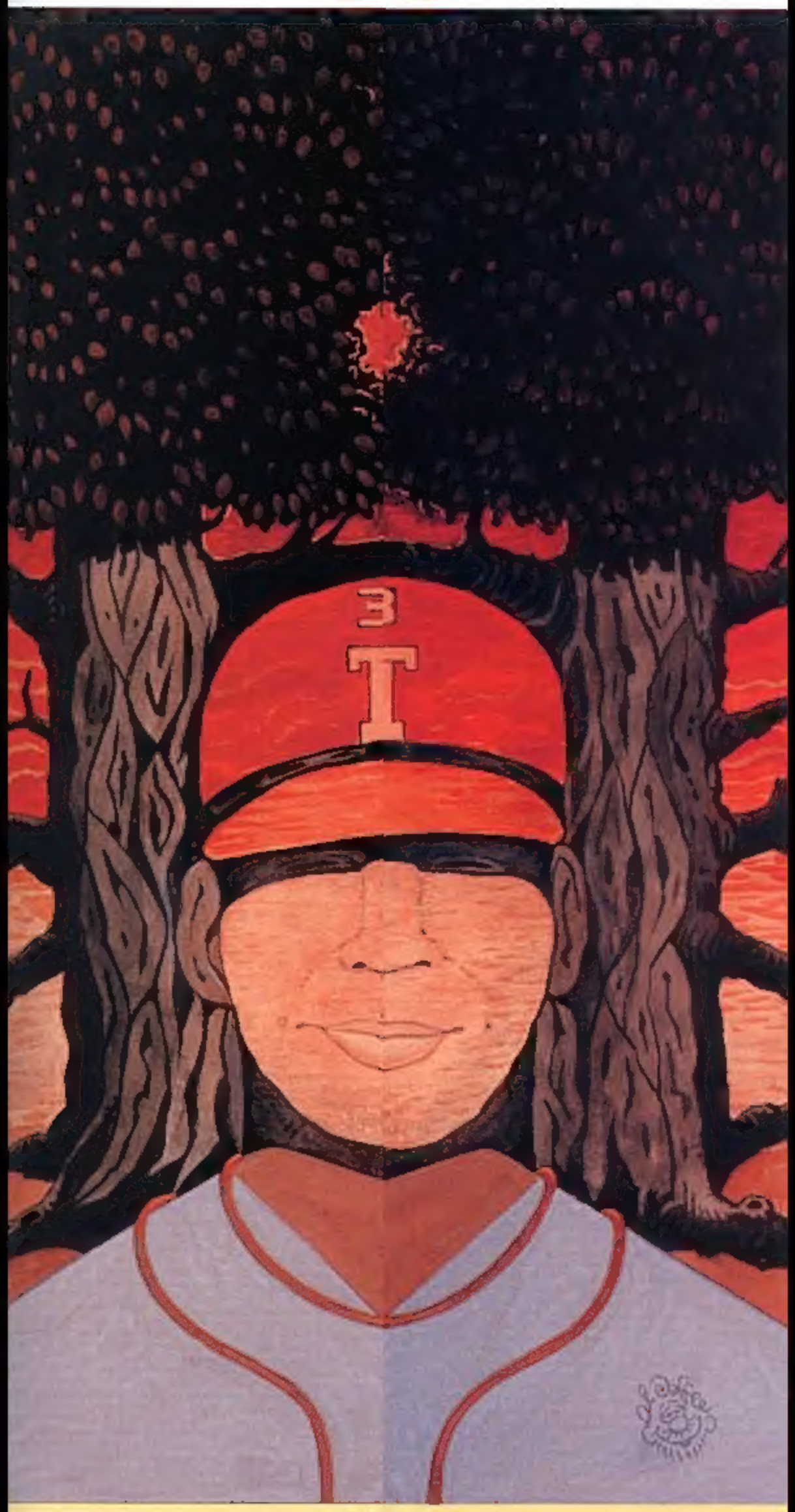
ALL TEXANS FEEL THEY MUST EXCEL. EITHER SEX GOES AFTER TOUGH JOBS SUCH AS VIOLENT RODEOS, RATTLESNAKE HUNTS OR ANY OTHER RIGOROUS PURSUIT. IT BRINGS GREAT REVENUE FOR THOSE WHO LEARN THE ROPES FROM A TO Z

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B

WHAT TEXAN IS UNDER SEVERE NATIONAL PRESSURE TO PROVE HIS WORTH?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



ALEX

RODRIG-

UEZ

A B